ARE CLERKS OVERWORKED? (*See Page 197.*)

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PL MTREE
SOUTHPORT

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000
Free Insurance.

R FOOD."
of Wrinkles,
E., etc.

Y'S
PURE
CONCENTRATED
COCOA
Lavishly endowed with all those properties so essential to the Repair, Building Up, and Strengthening of the System.
300
GOLD MEDALS, &c.

088,] Transmission at Book Rates. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 24, 1903. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

YOU DON'T
COOK
Grape-Nuts
food because it is scientifically cooked at the factory.
YOU SAVE
all that time, trouble, fuel and worry.

More solid comfort and quiet energy in a saucer of Grape-Nuts these days than in pounds of meat.

THERE'S A REASON.

TIME IS THE TEST OF ALL THINGS

and the ever-increasing popularity of **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** which holds its own against all rivals, is the most genuine proof of its worth. It must needs be a good thing that can withstand the immense pressure of uprising competition, and yet defy comparison; small marvel, therefore, that with the flight of years,

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

has become known far and wide for what it is worth, one of the most potent, simple and agreeable factors in maintaining health.

IT IS THE BEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from [illegible] Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, [illegible] Feverish Cold with [illegible], **Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.**

FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE.—"You may be interested to know that I have used 'FRUIT SALT' for more than fifteen years, and it is the only medicine I need. It was ordered for me by a most eminent physician, and I have recommended it to very many from time to time. Yours faithfully (signed), Rev. —— Sept. 20th, [illegible]."

The effect of Eno's 'Fruit Salt' upon any Disordered or Feverish Condition is Simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS imitation. Prepared only by J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' Works, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.*

An Important Date

NOV. 28, 1903.

SMOKERS should keep it well in mind, for every week until that date, that Messrs. GALLAHER Ltd., of Belfast, Dublin, Glasgow, London, Liverpool, Manchester, Hull, &c., are GIVING AWAY PRIZES of **£5, £3, £2,** and **£1** to smokers of their famed GOLD PLATE CIGARETTES and GOLD PLATE NAVY CUT TOBACCO; and on that date they will open a GRAND FINAL COMPETITION for the following prizes: **£250, £100, £50,** and **25** prizes of **£1** each! The competitions are easy and simple. Full particulars and coupon will be found in each packet and tin. Before, during, and now after the Tobacco War, the popularity of these Cigarettes and Tobacco has not only remained undiminished but has greatly increased month by month. There is nothing to equal them. The Cigarettes are sold in two strengths, Mild and Medium, **10** for **3d.**; the Tobacco is in three strengths, Mild, **1oz. 5d., 2oz. 9½d.**; Full and Medium, **1oz. 4½d., 2oz. 9d.** You have the date.

For names of winners in the weekly competitions see our advertisements in daily papers.

Don't Forget It!

585,209

During the year [illegible] I had accounts with [illegible] hundred and [illegible] thousand, two hundred and nine customers. I do not suppose that a single one of this enormous number did [illegible] merely to oblige me, but sent their orders in full confidence that they would be well served, and on the understanding that unless thoroughly pleased with the goods they would be under no obligation whatever to purchase. Seven days are always allowed for approval, and if you are not entirely satisfied send the package back.

"I PROVIDE EVERYTHING."

If the goods are perfectly satisfactory you can pay for them as you prefer: Cash or Easy Monthly Instalments, full particulars of which are enclosed with each Catalogue, together with Order Forms and details of important advantages offered to Cash Purchasers.

PLEASE SEND A POST CARD NOW FOR ANY OF MY DEPARTMENTAL CATALOGUES, POST FREE [illegible]

[illegible]

1. WATCHES. [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

AGENTS WANTED [illegible]

J. G. Graves [illegible] ST., SHEFFIELD.

The Pickaninny Smile

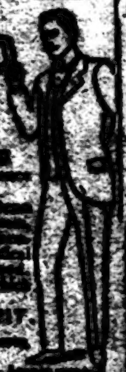
This little "Pick" her breakfast spie[illegible]
"[illegible] golly! Quaker Oats!" she [illegible]d,
And [illegible] her face kept spreading wide
The smile that won't come off.

Quaker OATS

[illegible] 3/6 [illegible]

[illegible]

F. HODGSON & SONS, [illegible] Woodsley Road, Leeds.



FREE GIFTS [illegible]

CLOTHING

ON EASY TERMS from 1/- WEEKLY.

Good Serviceable

SUITS

from 27/6 [illegible]

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A. THOMAS, [illegible] 317 Upper St., [illegible] LONDON, N.

THE CIGARINE. FROM 4/- TO 10/- PER 100 [illegible] 2/6 CARR. PAID.

WHAT IS IT? AN IDEAL SMOK[illegible]
Surpassing both cigar and cigarette. Sen[illegible]
for Descriptive List or Sample Box of th[illegible]
fragrant innovation.
WARTMANN & Co. Ltd., 681 High Rd.
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Your own or any Photo Copied as:–
6 Cabinet Portraits, 3/-; 6 C.D.V.'s, [illegible]
6 Picture Post-cards, 1/6; 12 for 2/6.
24 Stamps, 1/6; 100 for 3/6.
1 Enlargement, 10 x 8, 5/-; 12 x 10, 6/6.
Send Photo and Postal Order to:–
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READ THIS CAREFULLY

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[illegible] DYSPEPSIA or INDIGESTION [illegible]

THE MOST PERFECT ALIMENT IN THE WORLD

[illegible]

GENUINE MILK-CHOCOLATE IS KNOWN EVERYWHERE AS

PETER'S

THE ORIGINAL MILK CHOCOLATE

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[illegible] & Co. Ltd., London, E.C.

C.P.R. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY CO.'S ATLANTIC S.S. LINES.

LIVERPOOL to CANADA.

First Cabin £[illegible], Second £7 and £[illegible], Third £5 10s.

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THE [illegible] BRIASKRAPE

2/- [illegible]

[illegible] Post Free

Briaskrape Co. 39 Victoria St., Lond., S.W.

2/6 SUITS TO MEASURE.

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THIS OVERCOAT 25/- To Measure, On Credit.

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H. C. URE & CO., 165 NEWGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.
Agents Wanted.

SULPHOLINE LOTION, SHILLING BOTTLES.

For clearing the Skin from Spots, Blemishes, Redness, Roughness, giving a Beautiful Complexion and pleasing appearance.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD., BELFAST, And 156 TO 170, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS [illegible]

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars, Gent[illegible] from 4/11 [illegible] Cuffs for Ladies [illegible] 5/11 per doz. [illegible] Fine quality Long Cloth [illegible] per ½ doz. (to measure [illegible]) [illegible] quality [illegible] moderate in [illegible] Journal.

[illegible] for Samples should be sent [illegible] Belfast.

REMARKABLE OFFERS

Model 40 15/11 [illegible]

Model 7 10/6 [illegible]

SMART COSTUMES AT THE RIGHT PRICE ARE OUR SPECIALITY.

POST FREE We will forward a large range of patterns, [illegible] Black and Navy [illegible] an extensive selection of all the latest Autumn and Winter Dress Goods.

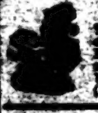
TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

[illegible]

MODEL 7.–[illegible] BLACK [illegible] JACKETS, [illegible] Can be worn open or closed. [illegible] Bust 32, 34, and 36 ins.

Write for our new Autumn and Winter Catalogue No. [illegible]

JOHN WALSH Ltd HIGH ST. SHEFFIELD.



Piano learnt in a week.

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MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

(BAND and SOLO).
STRING,
BRASS,
WOOD-WIND.

GRAMOPHONES, MUSICAL BOXES [illegible] Wholesale Prices.

From 4/- per month, or for CASH. Carriage Paid.

Send Post-card for FREE Catalogue.

DOUGLAS & CO., [illegible] LONDON, E.C.

WHY NOT SECURE AN INCOME [illegible] of Widowhood? It costs you nothing. All you hav[illegible] to do is to purchase weekly a half-pound of

10/- per week.

BRITISH WIDOWS' ASSURANCE TEA

Provided this has been purchased for A [illegible] prior to widowhood [illegible] will be paid during [illegible] of widowhood.

£[illegible],000 [illegible] PENSIONS FOR WIDOWS.

AGENTS WANTED. Liberal terms offered. Write for par[illegible] British Widows' Assuran[illegible] Co. Ltd., [illegible] Street, London, E.C.

SEEN "THE BOYS' LEADER" YET?

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST, TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

OUR COMING SERIAL.

In a few weeks' time we shall begin publishing a fascinating new novel from the pen of Mr. Arthur Applin, the author of "Life's Great Handicap." Mr. Applin has been busily engaged for many months past in gathering together the best ideas for his story, and the result is a romance of the greatest power and interest.

No. 688. Transmission as Book Rates. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 24, 1908. Entered at Stationers' Hall. One Penny.

WONDERFUL COINCIDENCE.

The ship doctor was describing to the sailors the wound one of their number had received.

"I am sure that you will agree with me," said the doctor gravely, "that, as subcutaneous abrasion is not observable, there is no reason to apprehend tegumental cicatrization of the wound. What is your opinion, Patsy?"

"Ye have just made the very remark that I was going to make myself, sor," said Irish Patsy. "Faith, ye took the very words out of my mouth, so ye did. Ye're a wonderful man, doctor, to know just what I was on the point of saying."

◆

Bertie: "One never knows what to expect from a woman."

Frank: "Alas, no! I expected a fortune when I married."

◆

"I have heard that she walks in her sleep," said the gossip.

"Indeed!" returned Mrs. Parvenue, scornfully. "So common! isn't it? I should think she would ride."

LOVE FINDS A WAY.

George was in a despondent mood.

"But Mabel, dear," he said, "marriage is out of the question just now. You seem to have forgotten that I'm but a poor clerk on a meagre salary."

"Oh, George, don't let poverty interfere with our happiness. We can live on one meal a day, if necessary."

"But you know nothing of household duties, sweetheart. Why, you can't even cook!"

"Indeed, I can, love. I have kept it a secret from you; but the time has come for my confession. George, dear, I got a certificate from a cookery school three months ago."

The young man gasped.

"My darling," he said, "come to my arms; it shall be as you wish—one meal a day will be more than enough."

◆

Freddie: "It's always in damp places that mushrooms grow, isn't it, papa?"

Papa: "Yes, my boy."

Freddie: "Is that the reason they look like umbrellas, papa?"

◆

"How are you getting on with your music?"

"Well, of course, it wouldn't be proper for me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbours have told me that they have stayed awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

CIGARS OF SUNFLOWER LEAVES.

It is a common joke to call inferior cigars "cabbage leaves," but, as a matter of fact, some very good "weeds" are made from the leaves of the sunflower. These leaves can also be smoked in the place of tobacco, forming quite a passable substitute.

The stalks and leaves make excellent food for various animals, while the former can also be employed as fuel. Sunflower cake is made from the seeds of this useful plant after the oil has been extracted, this oil being very nearly equal to olive oil, and used in cooking. The seeds not only serve as food for cattle; they are mashed and kneaded into bread by the poor peasants of certain parts of Russia, and they find it very palatable.

Potash is obtained from the ash of the stalks; the proportion is about one-third of potash to the total ash left after burning. A yellow dye is made from the flower of the plant. The fibre can be worked into a silk material.

The seeds can be eaten as nuts, and if chickens be fed on them their laying capacity will be increased in the colder weather. In fact, every particle of the plant is valuable.

All rights reserved.]

THE LITTLE RIFT.

Telling of a Happy Reconciliation.

They sit apart, she with dim eyes,
  He with an angry brow;
Ah me, how often clouds arise
  And come between them now!
An idle speech, some gossip heard,
  The rift is in the lute;
For want of one unspoken word
  Love's music all is mute.
While day by day they idly drift
  Further from each apart,
And wider, deeper grows the rift
  Between each aching heart!

She stands one eve where long ago
  A baby grave was made,
Where, as their tears fell soft and slow,
  Their little one was laid.
He watches her, her eyes are dim,
  As yet she sees him not,
A step, a glance, she looks at him
  Across that little plot;
Then something in each sad heart stirs
  That bids their anger cease,
They turn away, his hand in hers,
  Between them there is peace!

THE TEACHER'S FAULT.

Teacher: "Why, Freddy, how did you get those black and blue welts on your arm?"

Scholar: "Them's your fault, teacher."

Teacher: "My fault? What do you mean?"

Scholar (sobbing reminiscently): "Why, you told me it was a poor rule that didn't work both ways. So when I went home I took pa's new two-foot rule that doubles up on a hinge, and bent it back till it worked both ways, and then pa said I'd broken the joints, and he went and got his razor strop."

QUITE EASILY DONE.

May: "Do tell me, Pearl, how Mr. Timmerman ever plucked up courage enough to propose. He is so dreadfully bashful!"

Pearl: "Oh, he seemed to do it easily enough. I merely asked if he didn't think mamma would make an ideal mother-in-law, and he replied at once."

"What did he say?"

"Said he thought she would."

"What then?"

"Nothing. I just told him the kind of ring I wanted."

◆

"I'm going to visit the gaol. There is a man I want to see there."

"Only one? I know about forty whom I should like to see there!"

◆

Lady (engaging a footman): "Are you clever at table?"

James: "Yes, mum."

Lady: "And you know your way to announce?"

James: "Well, mum, I know my weight to a pound or so; but I should hardly like to say to an ounce."

◆

Gertie (returned home): "Mrs. Jones gave me a nice piece of cake."

Gertie's Mother: "Did you ask for it?"

Gertie: "Yes."

Mother: "And I told you not to."

Gertie: "No, mamma. You told me not to ask for everything I saw. I didn't see the cake; it was in the pantry."

NICE PEOPLE TO KNOW.

"That is what I call downright humiliating," said Mrs. Biggins.

"What has happened?" inquired her husband.

"The neighbours who recently moved next door are going to have company, so they sent over to borrow our drawing-room rug. I let them have it, and in a little while they came back and said they didn't think it was handsome enough to go with their furniture, and could I lend them the money to buy a new one?"

◆

"Why!" he exclaimed; "I thought you said the last time you went to the dressmaker that you wouldn't need another gown for three months?"

"I know, I did, dear," she replied; "but in going through my trunk to-day I found a piece of ribbon that will make a lovely sash, and I haven't anything to go with it."

◆

"Ma," said Willie, who had been to the missionary sewing society with his mother, "I feel very sorry for the poor little heathen."

"That's right, Willie, I am glad to see you show such a nice spirit."

"Yes. I'd feel sorry for anybody that had to wear the clothes that you people were making to-day."

ANOTHER MOVING JOB.

"Moving again, Fitz?" asked Pullet, as Fitzgoober came out of the gate with a wash-tub tightly clasped in his arms and trailing a mirror behind him.

"Yes," moaned the afflicted man, mopping his perspiring brow. "I'm going to leave this hole."

"What for? Don't you like the neighbourhood?"

"Oh, no, not that; the neighbours are all right."

"Water not good, maybe?"

"No better can be found in Brixton."

"The rent hasn't been raised, has it?"

"No, that's the reason I'm going to seek another house."

"What!" exclaimed the surprised Pullet; "moving from a place because the rent has not been raised. Surely you don't object to that, Fitz?"

"No, I do not," sadly replied Fitz, as he started back for the kitchen set of furniture; "but the landlord does—you know."

◆

New Lady Lodger (at seaside apartments): "The sun never enters this room."

Genial Landlady: "That will make it two-and-six a week more. You can sit by the window without danger of getting freckles."

◆

"How did Hobson manage to become engaged to the wealthy Miss Antique? I thought she was a man-hater."

"So she was, but when he advised her not to get a bell for her bicycle, for when she rode it there was already one on it, she immediately succumbed."

WHITE BLACKBERRIES.

We have had green pinks and other paradoxical flowers and fruits for quite a long time, so it was to be expected that we should have white blackberries, and now they are with us.

For some three or four years a Californian grower has been experimenting with seedlings, crossing them and striving in all ways to produce this curious variety of a luscious fruit, and he has at length succeeded.

The white blackberry is large and exceedingly agreeable to the taste, vieing with the best kinds of the ordinary variety, and it is so transparent in its whiteness that the very small seeds inside the fruit can be seen as the berries hang on the bushes.

The spectacle of big clusters of the white berries amid the surrounding green is both surprising and attractive. The flavour is just as good as that of the black variety.

Who's David David? The messenger boy whose extraordinary adventures are appearing in the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Short Story

THE HIDDEN HAND.

The inspector opened his notebook.

"Bailey, this will be a job for you," he said; "a robbery at Thurloe's bank. Your son is employed there, isn't he?"

The detective came forward.

"Yes," he said in surprise. "But he hasn't mentioned anything about a robbery. When did it occur?"

The chief consulted the notes before him, but his keen grey eyes looked up again presently and searched Bailey's face.

"The day before yesterday," he said; "but the whole affair has been kept, and must still be kept, secret for a while. Only Mr. Greening, the manager, knows as yet. On Monday afternoon he discovered that a number of banknotes were missing from his desk, and he came here in person to see me about it.

"A detective—Smith—went down and examined the building, but he is ill to-day, and someone must take his place and do his work over again. He discovered nothing, but yesterday morning Mr. Greening found the notes back in his desk! He sent, informing us of this, but now, to-day, strangely enough, they have disappeared again—notes and gold to the value of a hundred and fifty pounds. He has no reason to suspect anyone in the bank, but they must have been taken by someone who understands well all the arrangements of the place, and the first notes were replaced at night, as the manager was the last to leave and the first there in the morning."

"At night?" repeated Bailey.

"Yes, at night, in spite of the watchman; in spite of bars and bolts and iron doors."

He looked up again, keenly, at Bailey's face.

"The bank is, of course, a very old building," he went on, "and Mr. Greening has long expected a burglary of some kind, and it has happened at last. How, we shall have to find out. But here is a rough plan of the building. It was once a private house, but the front has been altered and turned into a bank, and the back part is occupied by a solicitor, who lives on the premises.

"His part is shut off by means of an iron door, which one of the bank clerks lets down at night, and that Mr. Greening believes is the only way by which a burglar could find an entrance. At any rate, go and see what you can make of it. It is nearly four o'clock, and after the clerks have gone Mr. Greening will show you over. I think you had better not see them to-night. It will be best to watch first of all, perhaps; but, anyhow, let me know what you think."

Bailey turned and went out into the noisy street of the market town, and made his way towards the bank. When he reached it he looked up at it, remembering his pride when his son had first entered it a few years ago. His son now was rising. There would be promotion for him directly, and then—marriage!

Detective Bailey rang the bell, smiling a little, and a sudden chill seemed to fall upon him when the door was opened, and he entered the dark, cool passage. It was a change after the bright street, and the face of the manager peering into his looked old, yellow, withered.

He told him who he was, and the two turned back into the small room behind the bank. There things were explained all over again, and then Bailey was shown over the building from end to end—first the front, with its long mahogany counter, his son's desk, half a dozen other men's desks, and after that the strong-room underneath with the iron safes, and bars and bolts.

It seemed absolutely impossible for any outsider to enter, but, as they mounted again, Bailey looked curiously at the heavy iron door which shut off the part of the house let to the solicitor.

"And who lets down this door?" he asked. "And how is it done?"

The manager explained. A heavy iron bar fitted into the wall, and lowered it like an iron shutter. It was impossible for anyone to lift it after it had been locked; and anyone fastened it, generally Bailey's son or Robert Gerard.

A swift, uneasy sensation swept over Bailey at the mention of his son, and yet, after all, it was foolish.

"And who lives next door?" he asked quickly.

"No one," said Greening. "The house is empty; but the bottom part has been taken by a club. I don't know what sort of club. They have not come in or put in any furniture yet."

Bailey's eyes sharpened.

"Well," he said. "I shall wait here to-night with the watchman. Where is he, by the way?"

Greening led the way downstairs again, and Bailey followed, staring quickly at the shadowy corners and at the crumbling brick walls.

"This robbery is unfortunate," the manager said as he went, "for we are moving into our new building next month. This place is too old. It will have to be rebuilt."

He introduced the night-watchman, and then Bailey accompanied him to the doors and let him out. His man came up in answer to his summons, and went in with him, locking the door and bolting it as Mr. Greening disappeared.

Then they went back to wait.

It seemed a long time before darkness fell, longer still before it became actually night. They sat in the cellar, reading, yawning, listening to the weary, monotonous tramp of people who passed in the street above, and Bailey lifted himself at last with a strange, uncomfortable feeling.

The silence was uncanny. The watchman dozed at intervals in his chair, getting up every quarter of an hour to let down the peg in the clock which checked him, and pace the empty, desolate building, from strong-room to counter, and from counter back to his wooden chair.

Bailey's man also nodded, and Bailey rose, stretching himself impatiently. He looked up at the bank clock. The watchman had last slipped in the peg which checked him seven minutes ago, and, as it took him exactly five to pace the building, he was now back in his chair, silent, as Bailey had forbidden him to speak, and staring gloomily at the gas.

Outside the tramping of feet had ceased. Inside only the ticking of the clock could be heard, and Bailey turned restlessly and stole towards the door. He would pace the bank himself.

There were nearly ten minutes to elapse before the watchman was due again, and he started on a tour of his own. The clock pointed to ten as he went. It was early yet—scarcely the time for a burglar.

The streets were not quite quiet enough, and people not sleepy enough for thieves; yet, as he passed out of the cellar into the passage, he fancied he heard a queer, slow, scraping noise in the strong-room beyond.

He stood still abruptly, and listened. Nothing followed. The slow ticking of the clock went on, and a policeman's measured tramp went slowly over the iron grating on the pavement outside.

Bailey stood for several minutes, then went carefully and stealthily towards the strong-room.

All was silent, quiet, empty. The light burnt dully, and shone on the polished tin boxes and the heavy iron safes. Nothing moved, nothing stirred.

He turned, and went upstairs. Burglars, he felt certain, would try to effect an entrance somehow, close to the iron door which divided the bank from the house, and he stood staring at it for some minutes to decide how they would manage it.

As he stood a sound behind him made him turn swiftly on his heel. He faced round, and then stood back, crouching in the shadow. A man was coming upstairs, slowly, stealthily, on tip-toe, and in silent shoes. He crept up, past the bend in the staircase, and so into the bank itself. Bailey followed. He reached the door of the manager's room, then stood still.

Someone was bending over the manager's desk, someone was taking out a key, fitting it in, was lifting his head to listen, and—Bailey started back with a faint cry, which made the man drop the keys and turn quickly.

That someone was his own son!

For an instant, they stared at each other in silence. Then Dick came slowly towards his father.

"You've caught me!" he cried hoarsely. "You've found me out!"

Detective Bailey hesitated only a second, but that second was the longest he had ever known. In it came a sudden memory of his dead wife, of this his only child, of the promotion and marriage only a few weeks ahead—of the ruin that lay before them instead, and his son's face faded from before his eyes.

"Oh, God help us, Dick! God help us!"

For answer, Dick slowly and with a shaking hand took from his pocket a roll of banknotes and held them out to his father, his wrists bared ready for the handcuffs.

"I'm ready, father!" he said.

● ● ● ● ● ●

Afterwards it was a nightmare to Bailey. All that happened seemed vague, confused, chaotic; but one thing stood out before him clear and plain—that he himself had charged his son with theft, that he himself would give evidence against him to-morrow!

His son a thief! His only son! And caught red-handed! At the time, he might have let him escape. It would have been easy enough to let him get away, but duty had come first—duty that cut his heart in two—that would kill him in the end!

He stood waiting, suddenly old and bent and shaken, when someone dashed suddenly into the room and flung herself upon him. He looked down, to see his son's promised wife!

"Mr. Bailey—it isn't true!" she cried breathlessly. "Oh, it can't be true that Dick is arrested—in prison—like a thief!"

Her eager eyes looked up, and his fell away from them. What could he say?

"But he isn't guilty!" she went on. "He never stole a thing in his life, and you ought to know that—you, his father."

"But I—I caught him," Bailey stammered, "with the notes upon him!"

"And you believed him guilty because of that?" she cried. "You thought——" Her voice stopped suddenly, and when she spoke again it was in a different tone.

"It's all my fault!" she said. "I've been bad and wicked! Oh! you don't know how cruel I have been to him! Look here!"

She held up something before his eyes, and when he saw it he started. It was one of the missing bank-notes! He looked again sharply, and then at the number.

"Yes, look!" she cried. "It's one of the stolen notes, and it's all through me that they were stolen. No, listen! I'm going to marry Dick—if he will have me. I love him better than life itself, but I've been wicked and cruel, and lately, just because I wanted to tease him, I let him think I—I cared for Robert Gerard, who lodges with us. I let him think, and it was fun at first, for he got so desperate, and—and—broken-hearted.

"But a week ago a change came. We quarrelled, and he said I must go—that I cared for Robert more than I cared for him, and so I told him I would go—never dreaming that he would really take me at my word. I thought he would be back next day—just the same as ever. But he didn't come. Robert came instead, and he had plenty of money—banknotes—and he wanted to marry me."

She broke off, to look up into the old man's face.

"Do you understand?" she cried. "Do you know what has happened? Why, it is Robert Gerard who broke into the bank and stole the notes, and it is Dick who took them from Robert again and put them back; and I took this from Bob's room this morning. Don't you see? Don't you understand?"

She clasped his arm, her eager face close to his, her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, I've been bad and wicked!" she cried. "But, oh, when I get Dick back I'll make it up. You don't know how well I will make it up!"

"But," the detective stared at her. "But I still don't understand," he said, and she shook him by the arm.

"No, of course you don't. You're a man and can't see through a brick wall, but a woman can, and I can see into the house next door to the bank. It's going to be a club, is it? Well, do you know what sort of a club? Why, just a club to rob the bank, that's all, and Bob is in it, and if you look you'll see a trap door behind one of the safes. Bob found it and arranged everything, and, as he is in the bank, he could prevent it being found out, and he did. No one knew of the trap-door, but Dick found out that he had stolen the notes, and, because he thought I loved Bob and not him, he crept in at night and put them back for him. Now, do you see?"

Bailey hoped he did, but it was not until after Nellie had bearded Mr. Greening in his den and made him promise not to prosecute that he admitted it.

Then, when his son stood free in the street once more, he grasped him roughly by the arm.

"What made you such a fool?" he asked.

"It was for her I did it," Dick said slowly. "I thought she cared for Bob, and, when I found out about the notes, he promised he'd run straight if he could only put them back and not be found out. Then he told me about the trap-door in the wall of the cellar, and I said I'd do it. I—I thought she loved him!"

"You were an idiot," said Bailey senior.

And Dick felt that he was. But, all the same, he was not sorry when he and Nellie met face to face. She put her hands on his shoulders.

"Dick—forgive!" she said.

Dick made no reply, except to take her in his arms and look into her eyes, and she clung to him in a way that she had never done before in all their engaged life.

"Bob is going out to New Zealand," she said, "and we shall never see him again. And, Dick, I'll never, never flirt again, except with you."

And Dick believed her. He looked into her eyes. And he has flirted with her ever since, though they have been five years married.

◆

TED: "I understand that something has parted you and Herbert. Is it anything serious?"

Elsie: "Well, yes. It's the English Channel."

◆

LAWYER: "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

Witness: "No, sir; but I have seen him many times when I strongly suspected he had been at it."

◆

ARE WE HAPPY WHEN WE SING?

SINGING is generally regarded as an indication of a happy frame of mind; if you hear a woman singing while she is plying her needle or performing some other household duty, you at once jump to the conclusion that she is pleased. Things are going well with her at that moment, at least, and she is giving expression to her contentment. Or you may pass a man at work and hear him humming or whistling a tune—whistling is the counterpart of singing—and you arrive at the same verdict. Singing appears to be synonymous with happiness. Yet is it so?

The poet seems to have read the signs of human nature more accurately, although his words would be an exaggeration if applied to us all. "I'm saddest when I sing" is the line he puts into the mouth of one of his creations. It would be a long way from the truth to suppose that women sing best or most when they are in their saddest moods, but singing often denotes that they are perplexed or worried. If you were to watch the faces of the singers, except it were at a party, where everyone sings to amuse the others, you would find that the expression denoted deep thought in quite a large number of cases. As a rule, the songs that come from the lips of the worried are of a serious nature befitting the circumstances, but this fact is not sufficient of itself to give the key to the singer's feelings, for there are exceptions to the rule, just as a very sentimental song may be heard from those who are really singing from sheer lightness of heart.

This is a strange fact, and it is difficult to understand it. Perhaps it arises from the necessity of giving vent to one's feelings, and to sing is more soothing than to cry—and the circumstances may not warrant tears, or it may be that they will not come.

We can see the same thing in the factories of to-day, where men and girls sing to the swing of their hands. Singing and sadness here become companions, as neither the work nor the life of the worker is pleasant.

◆

YOUNG LADY (who has just had her picture taken): "I hope the pictures will be handsome."

Photographer: "Yes, indeed; you will not recognise yourself."

◆

"WELL," said the cheerful wife, who thought she had a soprano voice, "if the worst comes to the worst, I could keep the wolf from the door by singing."

"I don't doubt that would do it," replied her pessimistic husband; "but suppose the wolf should happen to be deaf?"

He'll soon be the talk of the town. Who will? David David, the messenger boy, whose first adventure appears in the November ROYAL MAGAZINE.

THE CLOSING DATE IS APPROACHING.

☞ *Those who wish to enter this Competition now may do so by paying 3s. 1d. to their newsvendor (who will obtain for them all the Pictures up-to-date), or these pictures will be sent post free for 3s. 8d., by the Publisher, PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta St., London, W.C.*

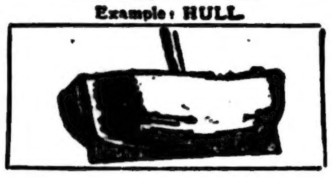
£5 a WEEK for LIFE!

(Which will NOT be divided.)

AND A FURTHER SUM OF

£1,000 CASH DOWN.

Example: HULL.



CUT ACROSS HERE.

Opposite you will find some pictures. Each of these pictures consists of certain objects which, either singly or collectively, represent the name of a railway station in the United Kingdom.

What you have to do is to find the railway station with the longest name made up entirely from the names of objects depicted in each picture (or from words which have the same sound). See example shown above.

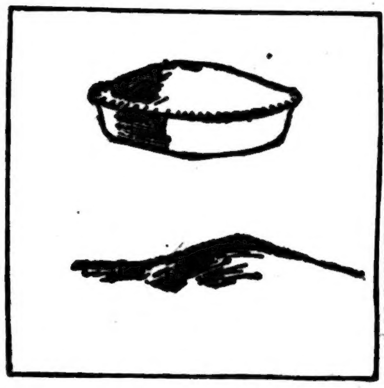
An "object" does not include sky or shading necessary for correct drawing.

Before you begin, examine the example shown, which will make the matter clear.

Taking this as a guide, you have now to examine the pictures, and discover the name of the railway station which each of them represents, under the conditions which appeared in No. 680 of *P.W.* and which will appear again. When you have done this, write the name down in the space provided, and KEEP THE PAGE BY YOU. A SET OF PICTURES WILL APPEAR EACH WEEK.

The prize of £5 a Week for Life will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editors of *Pearson's Weekly* and *The Big Budget* actually receive the complete series of pictures containing the greatest number of correct solutions and fulfilling the conditions. A further sum of £1,000 will be divided in the following manner among those who come next: First Consolation Cash Gift, £100; Second Cash Gift, £50; Third Cash Gift, £50; Fourth Cash Gift, £25; Fifth Cash Gift, £25; Sixth Cash Gift, £25; Seventh Cash Gift, £25; Eighth to Fifty-seventh Cash Gifts, £10 each; Fifty-eighth to Ninety-seventh Cash Gifts, £5 each.

This same prize is offered in THE BIG BUDGET (one penny, every Thursday). There are not two prizes of £5 a Week for Life, but ONE prize of £5 a Week for Life for PEARSON'S WEEKLY and BIG BUDGET readers combined. This also applies to the consolation gifts.



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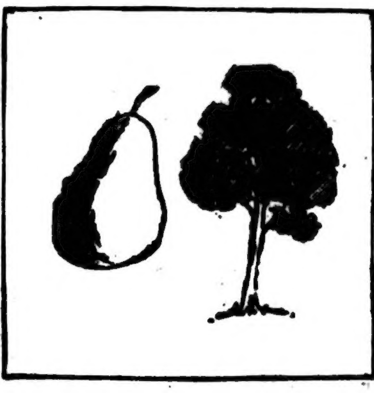

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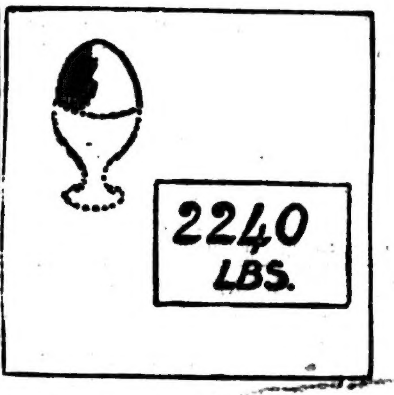

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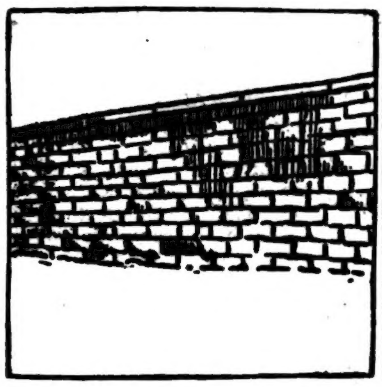

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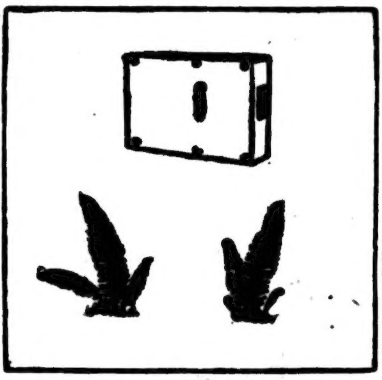

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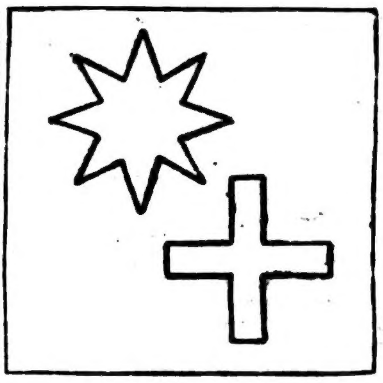

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PETROL PUFFS

Fast Travelling.

Herr Heinz Ziegler, a Bavarian aeronaut, has traversed 765 miles in twenty hours in a balloon, going with the wind and crossing the Carpathians on his journey. He attained a height of 4,918 yards, finding currents with a velocity of sixty miles an hour.

Conscientious Tenant.

A Wimbledon man advertised in the local newspapers as follows: "Wanted, 10,000 cockroaches and other insects by a tenant who agreed to leave his present residence in the same condition as it was when he took it."

National Disinfection.

The State of Utah has ordered a general health day, namely, the first Monday in October. On this day all theatres, churches, public halls, hotels, boarding-houses, and other public places must be thoroughly disinfected. People are wondering if these places in Utah have never been disinfected before.

Umbrellas in the Slot.

The rainy season has suggested to a smart Yankee the idea of umbrella-automata. People surprised by rain can, by putting a shilling or two in the automatic machine, get out an umbrella. When returning the umbrella they get their money back after a small fee has been deducted. The first machines will be put up in Boston.

Quaint Visiting-cards.

A Paris collector has brought together a number of queer visiting-cards, all from people living in Paris. For instance, there are "Captain Tornisteyn, husband of her Grace the widow of the late Prince Bollwiller"; "Mrs. Aimée Martin, late widow of the celebrated author, Bernardin de Saint-Pierre"; "Mr. Felix, father of Miss Rachel, the great actress"; and "William Silvener, travelling companion of the late Lord Byron."

Got in the Wrong Carriage.

At a Chelsea church, where several couples were getting married, one couple who had just got married, in their haste to avoid the confetti, got into the wrong carriage, and were driven to another bride's home.

Insect that Blows Bubbles.

Two American naturalists have discovered an insect which has the power of blowing little balloons like soap bubbles, which it employs for the purpose of making aerial voyages. The insect clings to the miniature balloon by its feet.

Fainting-rooms.

All the better class restaurants in New York contain "fainting-rooms," to which ladies in fear of a fainting fit may retire. The rooms are darkened and papered and carpeted in green. Sometimes a lady doctor is in attendance.

Useful Street Lamps.

Parisian street lamps will in future bear various coloured signs. A green light will indicate a tramway stopping-place, blue a fire station, red with white inscriptions the police offices, and the Geneva red cross an ambulance station.

They Eat Bank Notes.

While feeding the bears at Berne, Switzerland, an American lady dropped a purse full of bank notes into the den. One of the bears, thinking them good to eat, commenced to masticate the paper, and when the keepers rescued the money it resembled a pulp.

Chamois Nearly Extinct.

It is estimated that there are now only 1,500 chamois in the Alps, owing to the indiscriminate killing of these animals at all seasons of the year. The Swiss Government has now taken action with a view to prevent this breed of animals becoming extinct in the Alps.

How to Fill Space.

The editor of a newspaper published at Treves has devised a new method of filling his columns during the present quiet time, when local news is scarce. He simply prints a list of the names of places for which tickets are issued at the railway station, and, as the list is a very long one, it will serve to fill up gaps in several issues.

Hard on Teachers.

According to a report published by the Board of Education, the average teaching life of a woman is eleven years, owing to "the havoc wrought by matrimony among a remarkably attractive class of the community."

Fish that Make Music.

Lake Battigaloa, Ceylon, has the distinction of being the home of musical fish. The sounds emitted by these are said to be as sweet and melodious as those which can be produced by a series of æolian harps. Crossing the lake in a boat, one can plainly distinguish the pleasant sounds. If an oar is dipped in the water the melody becomes louder and more distinct.

Largest Glass Bottles.

The largest glass bottles ever blown were recently made at the plant of the Illinois Glass Company for exhibition at the World's Fair. The capacity of each bottle is forty-five gallons. It was not until after many unsuccessful attempts that the bottles were made. Four perfect bottles were produced. Each stands nearly six feet high, and measures about sixteen inches across the bottom.

Where Women Touch Their Hats.

Many years ago kissing was the most common mode of salutation in England, while shaking the hand was considered an evidence of the closest intimacy. Strangers would be kissed where to shake their hands would have been thought a most unwarrantable familiarity. It is, however, doubtful if in any part of the British Isles women touched their hats, as do the women of Cortina, a little town perched on a lofty peak of the Dolomite Alps. The women of this quaint town touch their hats like men on meeting an acquaintance, and remove them on entering a church, placing them on the ledges in front of their seats. On leaving the building they take their hats in their hands, and do not replace them until well past the church door.

Have you any idea for a patent? There may be money in it. If readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY who may have ideas which they want to patent will communicate particulars, we will forward their letters to a firm of Patent Experts whom they may consult. Mark your envelope "Patent."

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QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.

REPLIES.

PRAISE THE PIGS.

Has a Memorial ever been Raised to a Pig? (6691.)

Lüneburg, a town in Hanover, is celebrated for its salt mines or springs, which have been worked for about 1,000 years, and now produce 20,000 tons of salt yearly. The discoverer of these springs clearly deserved a memorial, and according to the EUROPA of Frankfort, quoted in NOTES AND QUERIES for 1864 from the MANCHESTER WEEKLY TIMES, he has obtained one. In a kind of mausoleum in the town hall is a glass case inclosing a ham, still in good preservation. A slab of marble attracts the eye of visitors, who find thereon the following inscription in Latin: "Passer-by, contemplate here the mortal remains of the pig which acquired for itself imperishable glory by the discovery of the salt springs of Lüneburg."

A rudely carved figure of a hog, fastened by the collar to a block of stone, over the entrance to a church in Lancashire near Warrington, is associated by tradition with a pig which brought the stones by night to the place where the church now stands, when an attempt was made to erect it elsewhere. Another tradition makes the figure commemorative of a monster which used to ravage the district.

HUMAN EAR-WAGGERS.

Which Races of Men can Wag their Ears? (6692.)

There is no doubt that at one period everyone could move the "pinna," or external ear, at will. The muscles for this purpose are found in man, as in the horse and the donkey, although disuse has caused them to become inoperative.

The Australian aborigines, the Papuans, and other savages, whose acuteness of hearing exceeds ours, can all, speaking generally, control the movements of the pinna completely. So can certain peculiarly constituted individuals amongst civilised races; although, where these occur, they are usually exhibited as "freaks" at shows and the like.

J. Müller, the German scientist, by will effort and practice continued over many years, actually succeeded in regaining the power of moving his ears freely and quickly. It is, however, not beyond probability that the progress of inventions, such as that of wireless telegraphy, may lead to the redevelopment in man of the primeval ear-wag, possibly with the assistance of mechanical additions to accentuate its effect.

CHALKING SUNDAY.

What is "Chalking Sunday"? (6694.)

In the West of Ireland the majority of marriages take place between Christmas and Lent—a great number of them on Shrove Tuesday. In the county of Limerick it is customary on the first Sunday in Lent for the bachelors and spinsters, who have allowed the festival to pass without pairing, to mark each other on the back with a piece of chalk, or with a chalked stick. The marks of distinction are not rigidly confined to eligible parties, but are often bestowed upon boys and girls without regard to their original significance.

In the MONITOR of March 18th, 1896, it is asserted that the custom prevails in other agricultural districts in Ireland, that the chalking mostly goes on when the people are going to or from church, and that in towns where it is carried on to a very great extent the footpaths are white at night with powdered chalk.

There was formerly a "chalk back day" at Diss, a town on the borders of Norfolk, where servants hired at the September fair were similarly marked on their dress.

A FATAL BLACK CAT.

When did a Cat Cause the Destruction of a City? (6696.)

According to Macpherson's "History of European Commerce" this happened at Quilloa (now Kilwa), an island off the coast of German East Africa, when Almeida, the Portuguese Viceroy of India, called there in 1506. "The King had promised," says Macpherson, "to attend Almeida, but was deterred from his purpose by meeting a black cat on the way. Nothing less than the destruction of the city and the deposition of the King could expiate the crime of disappointing the Viceroy, who immediately created a new King, whom he obliged to promise tribute to the King of Portugal."

Osorius relates that Almeida sent his compliments to the King. "But he, being conscious of his wickedness, left the city by night. Mahomed Ancon remained in the town, and Almeida, seeing that the King neither came in person nor sent any apology, began to suspect him of hostile designs, and resolved to besiege the city, which was taken, and the plunder divided among the soldiers. A fort was built near the shore, and Ancon was made King, after having bound himself to obey the Portuguese King in all things."

LONDON'S LEPER HOSPITAL.

Has London ever had a Leper Hospital? (6697.)

Yes. In the course of recent excavations in one of the courtyards of St. James's Palace, the site was discovered of an ancient burial ground, which was attached six centuries ago to the hospital dedicated to St. James the Less, Bishop of Jerusalem.

This hospital, according to Stow, "was founded by some citizens of London before the time of man's memory," by which he means before the Norman conquest, "for fourteen sisters, maidens, that were lepers living chastely and honestly in Divine service." The institution flourished, and in 1290 King Edward I. granted a fair to be held on the eve of St. James, April 30th, the day and the morrow and four days following. This was the origin of Mayfair, for the fair was held in fields near Piccadilly.

In 1532 Henry VIII. took the hospital in exchange for Chattisham and other lands in Suffolk, dismissed its inmates, pensioned the sisterhood, pulled down the building, and bought the neighbouring meadows, which he laid out as St. James's Park.

A HOME-MADE PEERAGE.

What British Peerage was Self-conferred? (6698.)

That of Ruthven, which, according to the late Earl of Glasgow, who was Lord Clerk Register, is the greatest curiosity of the peerage.

Charles II. created Sir Thomas Ruthven Baron Ruthven of Freeland on the occasion of the coronation at Scone in 1651. This being nine years before the Restoration, might have invalidated the dignity. In any case, the patent granting it does not exist, and was never enrolled, but a contemporary record refers to it as being limited to "heirs male." In this way it lapsed with the second lord, who died unmarried, leaving the estates, without specifying the title, to his sister Jean.

Amongst her intimates this lady was known by the nickname of "The Baroness," but otherwise as "Mrs. Jean Ruthven," and is so described in her will, which left the estates to a nephew, who never claimed the title. But what his predecessor herself stated to have been said in jest, was taken seriously at Court, and for two centuries the title bestowed in play has been included in the peerage. Its present holder is an Irishman, with a son who has won the V.C.

GALLOWS IN A PALACE.

When was a Gallows Erected in an English Palace? (6699.)

There is one instance on record, and one only, of the erection of a gallows within the walls of an English Royal residence, and this occurred in the beginning of Henry the Eighth's reign. Among events of the year 1512, John Stowe relates the following in his Annales: "A yeoman of the Crowne named Newbolt slue within the palace of Westminster a servant of Master Willoughby, for the which fact the King commanded to be set up a paire of gallowes in the same place where the said servant lost his life; and upon the same the saide Newbolt was hanged, and remained on the gallowes by the space of two daies."

Oriental chronicles furnish parallel incidents to this, but the circumstance related is unique in connection with the history of our Royal palaces, or, indeed, the palaces of any European sovereign. When Henry the Eighth dishonoured his residence by an execution within its walls he was only twenty-one, at which age his character is represented as amiable and free from the utter savagery which marked his more advanced manhood. If the incident had happened later in his life, it would have been less remarkable.

WORMS AS CANNIBALS.

Is the Earthworm a Cannibal? (6702.)

The adult earthworm is one of the most peaceable and respectable creatures in existence, feeding chiefly on earth, though not disdaining little bits of vegetable or animal matter. The latter might possibly include pieces of defunct friends or relatives, but there would be no malice in the matter. Yet this same creature is invariably a cannibal of the worst type when it begins life.

The parent worm lays quite a number of eggs in a little horny cocoon, which also contains a nutritious fluid for their benefit. On this they feed when hatching takes place. One member of the brood, when this supply is used up, turns its attention to the remainder, and devours them all. This unscrupulous and voracious young worm then comes out of the cocoon, and for the rest of its existence tries by a blameless life to atone for its juvenile atrocity. In some creatures of the jelly-fish kind the very egg itself is addicted to this revolting practice. It is an irregular particle of living slime, by which its weaker sisters are engulfed and digested.

COMPRESSED SAWDUST.

Has a Use been Found for Sawdust? (6703.)

Until recently sawdust was a waste product, of very limited use; but it has been found that when subjected to hydraulic pressure its powdery particles will form into a solid mass, heavier and harder than an equal mass of wood. This discovery, we are told in CHAMBERS' JOURNAL, has been utilised in Germany with good results, by the manufacture of sawdust briquettes, which are octagonal, and each weigh about half a pound.

No binding medium is necessary unless the sawdust is exceptionally fine and hard; it is simply pressed firmly into shape when dry, and as it is free from oil or tar, it burns without any smoke.

The new development has created a keen demand for what could once be had for the asking, so that it has been found difficult to keep pace with the supply that is desired for the market. No doubt as time goes on manufactories will spring up in the neighbourhood of the principal sawmills, where the raw material is plentiful.

"POP GOES THE WEASEL."

What was the Origin of the Phrase, "Pop Goes the Weasel"? (6705.)

A slang phrase which has been publicly quoted by such a master of the English language as Lord Rosebery acquires new interest. Something like half a century has passed since "Pop goes the weasel!" was a current catchword of the streets, as part of the then popular refrain—

Up and down the City Road,
In and out the Eagle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel!

This was no more meaningless jingle of words, for when these lines were written, and had their day, the word "weasel" had a slang significance which gave to this doggerel verse a very real significance. "Weasel" was then the London slang term for the common or kitchen flat-iron. This at once throws a flood of light upon the context. We have a picture of some idle ne'er-do-well, wasting time loosely in the City Road, frequenting the Eagle tavern, and reduced by these courses to such poverty as to "pop" or pawn the family flat-iron.

QUESTIONS.

6781. Why are some plants and trees evergreen?
6782. Does history prove that "One fool makes many"?
6783. When is the London fog first mentioned?
6784. What are "salad days"?
6785. Can hair be transplanted?
6786. Is disease beneficial?
6787. Under what flag did the first steamship cross the Atlantic?
6788. What is the meaning of the often used phrase "save the mark"?
6789. Where is the Lake of Blood?
6790. Have encyclopedias ever been prohibited?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of questions, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

INSURANCE EXAMINER: "And what did you say your grandmother died of?"

Feminine Risk: "I can't just remember; but I'm sure it wasn't anything serious."

◆

"SHALL I administer gas before extracting your tooth?" asked the dentist.

"Well," answered the fair patient from a country village, "if it doesn't cost any more, I'd rather you'd give me electric light."

◆

LAURA: "Auntie, should I be justified in writing to a young man who had never written to me?"

Auntie: "Only on very important business, my dear."

Laura: "Well, this is important business. I want to marry him."

◆

"WHAT are you doing there, Jennie?" shouted her father.

"I'm just saying 'good-night' to George."

"Well, as it takes you so long, I will say it for you. Good-night, George."

George went so quickly that he forgot to reply.

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C. J. PAULL, General Manager and Secretary.

To make a long story short—read Tuesday's SHORT STORIES.

Secrets Blacks Won't Tell Whites.

Mysteries that are Marked off by the Colour Line.

The Dyak Holds his Knowledge of Head-Shrinking.

And the "*Medicine Man*" won't Give his Secrets away.

It is said that the Colenso reverse to the British arms during the last South African campaign was reported by natives in the neighbourhood of Capetown long before the telegraph brought the news to the British authorities at that place.

The means by which the intelligence had been transmitted with such amazing rapidity over so great a distance no white man was able to discover. Nor would the natives themselves vouchsafe the least explanation of the mystery.

Yet it is certain that, throughout the war, the vicissitudes of the conflict were regularly known, with startling swiftness, to powerful African tribes whose black diplomatists were vitally concerned with the issue of the struggle.

That some such mysterious method of incredibly quick comunication exists among the black peoples is no new discovery. Gordon's death and the fall of Khartoum were known in the bazaars of Cairo, eight hundred miles away, on the very

day that they occurred.

But the black man, though willing, at times, and for his own convenience, to part with his news from afar, obstinately refuses to divulge to the white the means by which it has been obtained.

In the same way the "black tracker" of Australia, that perfect human bloodhound, maintains the secrecy of the real means by which he is enabled to track down the escaped prisoner or the "new chum" lost in the bush.

Skilled as he may be in the interpretation of signs and traces invisible or insignificant to his white employers, there is something more behind his powers than exceptionally brilliant scouting—something that seems to be related to the news-transmitting methods of the African native.

But what that something is he conceals, with obstinate cunning, beneath an affectation of profound stupidity.

A similar obstinacy on the part of the black man—supplemented, in this case, by a strange terror—stands between the white student of such matters and the obscure and reputedly ghastly

ceremonies of "voodoo."

"Voodoo" is a system of West African magic and serpent worship, which, transplanted by slaves to the West Indies, still lingers in the island of Hayti, the "Black Republic."

Besides a weird and abominable ritual, "voodoo" is believed to include the twin horrors of cannibalism and human sacrifice. It has at once a wild terror and fascination for the barbaric element in the black man, and occasionally there are reports of some dark outburst of voodooism in coloured centres whose half-civilisation is more apparent than real. But what "voodoo" actually is no black man will tell.

Doctors who have come into contact with the black races in their own countries are familiar with the strange powers of the native "medicine men."

These all-important personages are not only expert poisoners, using for the purpose vegetable principles unknown to science, but they have also in their mysterious pharmacopœia drugs which can cause permanent insanity, idiocy, or enduring—

sometimes lifelong—paralysis.

The knowledge of these secret drugs (to whose startling effects is no doubt due the traditional influence of the "medicine man" over African peoples) can never be gained by a white man; bribery and persuasion are alike powerless to procure for him the slightest assistance in the discovery or identification of these potent plants.

Being white, he cannot become initiated into the order of "medicine men," the charmed circle which for centuries has ruled savage Africa through the power conferred by its jealously guarded command of the drugs in question.

The head-hunting Dyak of Borneo, who, by processes peculiar to the black races, reduces the head of his slain enemy to the size of a small orange, without spoiling its contours or recognisability, will sometimes sell to a white man a specimen of his grisly skill. But he cannot be prevailed upon to explain the means by which he achieves the result. It is literally a black art, and he intends it to remain so.

Well may the taxidermists of Europe and America puzzle over the tiny proportions of what was once a living, bulky head, and that now, with its long and glossy locks attached, will lie easily in the hollow of a palm. But head-hunting and head-preserving have been the Dyak's trade for ages, and he keeps his trade secrets.

The colour-line all over the world fences one mystery or another from the curious white. The mango trick of the Indian juggler has maintained its mystery against all the bribes and scrutinies of bewildered Europeans.

And the white visitor to India is no wiser now than he was in the days of Clive, as to the methods by which a half-naked man, squatting on the sun-baked ground of a "compound" he has never entered before, can produce, from a little heap of earth and a mango stone, a green and growing mango tree.

It is marvellous, but the heart of the mystery—a mystery as old as the East—is not for the white man.

Even the gipsy, whose taint of "black blood" is merely traditional—unless his dark skin, raven locks, and coal-black, glittering eyes, are to count as traces of a coloured origin—has his "black secret" in his Romany speech.

Though there are only a few hundreds of tent and van-dwelling, true Romanys in England, there are thousands of mixed gipsy and white blood, and a knowledge of Romany is widespread among them.

But they will not employ or discuss it before a pure-blooded white person. And if any of its words become known, by being adopted into the slang of tramps and other gentry of the "canting" order, the word is dropped forthwith from the Romany vocabulary and another substituted.

◆

A TEARFUL LASS.

She was a happy maiden,
  No cloud had crossed her sky
With drenching sorrow laden—
  Yet a tear stood in her eye.

Her past was unregretted,
  And, as the days went by,
She never fumed or fretted,
  Yet a tear stood in her eye.

Filled with the joy of living,
  Life seemed an ecstasy,
She had no dark misgiving—
  But a tear stood in her eye.

It was no mournful feeling
  That made the lassie cry,
But the onion she'd been peeling
  Brought the teardrop to her eye.

◆

Wife (sleepily): "What is the matter with baby?"

Husband (on the walk): "I think he is suffering from an attack of yeller fever."

◆

Two little boys were standing at the end of one of the streets, and each had a slice of bread in his hand.

One of the boys turned to the other and said:

"I've got more butter on my bread than you."

"I know," says the other; "but your mother keeps lodgers!"

◆

"I can't get up early," said a wealthy gentleman to his doctor.

"Oh, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you will only follow my advice. What is your usual hour of rising?"

"Nine o'clock."

"Well, get up half-an-hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning."

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Before submitting manuscripts to any paper, it is as well to study the contents of the paper as it appears, so that you may know what is likely to meet its requirements. It is no use sending humorous articles to a paper which publishes only religious matter—you would expect to receive your manuscript back then. Do not enter into anything without careful consideration, and an outsider's opinion is often valuable in deciding a knotty point. If you send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope to Ranee, 32, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., you will receive in return an accurate delineation of your character, from a careful study of which you will be able to discover how best to map out your life.

WHEN THE DUKE HAS A BIRTHDAY.

BY HIS GRACE'S SECRETARY.

When the duke has a birthday there is much more fuss in the ducal household than the man in the street would imagine. I do not say that his grace openly approves of all the fuss and preparations that are the outcome of the event, for, to judge by appearances, a stranger might receive the impression that to the duke himself nothing on earth really mattered.

At the same time, even a duke may be forgiven for having enough human nature about him to prevent him frowning when his friends and acquaintances and servants set themselves to give him little surprises that they hope will bring him diversion and pleasure.

When the duke happens to spend his birthday anniversary at one of his three country houses, he permits himself to enter much more heartily into the festivities than he does when the natal day is spent in town.

A duke in London has not a tenth of the outward or public honour that he has at a place in the country, where every farm labourer and every dairymaid for miles around knows who he is and what his influence is exactly worth.

Of course, the birthday celebrations are kept up at each of the duke's homes, whether he is present in person or not; but the doings at the one where his grace actually is for the time living are naturally of the liveliest description.

The day is begun by the receipt of scores of congratulatory letters and cards. A little later, and telegrams begin to arrive, first of all one at a time, and then in batches of half-dozens or more.

The front door steps of the town house are scarcely left free of callers' boots between ten o'clock in the morning and three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Many of the callers are personal friends, who have come to sign the visitors' book and to leave cards bearing written messages.

Then there is quite a little army of messengers who bring boxes of flowers as offerings from friends who are out of town or too ill or infirm to leave the gifts themselves.

Choice fruits daintily packed in pretty baskets are also sent. Even live stock, in the shape of a pedigree bulldog, or a talking parrot, has been brought for the duke's acceptance.

Towards noon personages call and expect to be granted a brief interview; they perhaps are very old friends who have known the members of the duke's family all their lives, or represent people who are at the time abroad.

A number of the duke's oldest tenants will put in an appearance; some of them, perhaps, were tenants of the present duke's father or grandfather. These humble friends of his grace's do not usually venture to offer a gift, but they let it be clearly seen and understood that they are satisfied with their landlord, and that they hope he may have many happy years in the same position before him.

Some of the wealthy West End firms, where the duke's family have been in the habit of dealing for very many years, will dispatch some delicate specimen of their goods, with a respectful wish that his grace will be so good as to give it a place in his residence.

For instance, last year the duke received, and was much pleased with, a perfect little model of his own steam yacht. The firm who sent this welcome tribute was thanked by the duke in a letter written by himself—a rare document, since it is quite unusual for him to do more than sign a letter written by his secretary.

About afternoon tea-time is the usual part of the day when the butler and one or two of the upper servants will crave permission to say a word or two of congratulation to their master.

His grace will accept these well-meant but often halting words in the best possible manner—as he ought to—and he will give his butler instructions to provide wine for himself and the others under him to drink in honour of the occasion.

A festival dinner is, of course, held in the servants' hall, and all those who sit down to it, from the little pageboy to the old-fashioned housekeeper, thoroughly enjoy themselves and enter into the spirit of the anniversary.

The duke himself may be obliged to dine out on his birthday; but, in that case, he will give what he playfully styles his "birthday party" (which is really a brilliant social function) on a later day.

There will be a big dinner and a drawing-room entertainment, in which several distinguished public performers will take part.

Yet, at heart, it is quite likely that the duke is heartily glad when his birthday is over and forgotten. The very fact that all the newspapers tell all the world that it is his birthday, and that he is thirty, or forty, or fifty, is not always a proceeding that a man, whatever his station in life, cares about. If he happens to be getting on in years he is to be excused for not liking his exact age to be shouted from the housetops, so to speak.

There's a page in the November ROYAL simply one mass of blots and smudges. What can the printers have been doing?

NEW SERIES.

Questions That Perplex Us

The Editor of "Pearson's Weekly" has decided that he will from time to time, as great questions arise, devote space to explaining some knotty problem, either political or social, that may happen to be the talk of the moment. He will ask some great authority on any particular subject to express his views, to explain as fully and as clearly as possible what he means and what he wishes, and will invite from the readers of "P.W." expressions of opinion for or against the principal writer—all in an honest endeavour to explain in simple language what a great movement really means. "Pearson's Weekly" is the right kind of paper to do this. It has no politics. It has, indeed, no opinions or convictions. It is just a simple home paper for ordinary men and women, "to interest, to elevate, to amuse," the motto of its first number and the motto of its present. If, therefore, some phrase occurs in any article that does not meet with your entire approval, remember that we will print your letter, or some letter of your way of thinking. These articles are to get at the bottom of things for the benefit of all. The first subject dealt with is: "What Does Freer Trade Mean?" The term "Freer Trade" is the popular name for the suggested new Protection Tariff, and on this subject we have received a communication from Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. It appeared last week.

WHAT DOES FREER TRADE MEAN?

No. 2.—Is Free Trade a Failure?

The old Free Traders were strong men, honest men, and patriots who loved their fellow citizens. Their whole heart was set on bringing about the reforms which allowed first foreign corn, and later foreign manufactures, to enter the country untaxed. But unfortunately they cannot be called good prophets, whatever else they may have been. They failed to read the future. Indeed, their enthusiastic speeches make very sad reading nowadays.

They told the electors of Great Britain that within a few years after they had thrown open our ports they would find the nations of the world following our great example. They told them that on Free Trade being generally adopted every nation would sit peacefully down and work at those things for which Nature had intended it. Thus those who possessed many acres of rich soil would be farmers, those who had great coal and iron mines would become manufacturers of machinery, those who were artistically gifted would turn their skill to the making of glass, furniture, and fine pottery. Under the Free Trade flag all the peoples of the world would be labouring at those things which their breeding and their surroundings

prompted as most suitable.

War would be abolished, for by war the hostile nations would be cut off from half their supplies. Trade rivalry and fierce, cruel competition would cease. Lastly, the life of the working man would be a most happy one, for would he not have plenty of work, high and regular wages, and the cheapest of food and clothing?

That is what the old Free Traders believed and persuaded the greater part of the British nation to believe. They swept away the system by which the manufacturers and farmers were protected from foreigners by duties at the ports; they expected a trade millennium. For a time we prospered exceedingly, so that people went about saying, "Whatever you do, for whoever you vote, you must not touch Free Trade." All seemed going as well as it was possible.

But before we can say that the rich and prosperous times in the sixties and seventies were due to Free Trade, we must remember how Great Britain then stood in relation to the world. We held undisputed command of the seas; we were first among the nations in wealth and inventors and enterprise and in business ability. But we had won this position, we had obtained this long start over our rivals

before we adopted Free Trade.

That is to be remembered.

Again, Germany and America were feeble infants as compared with what they now are. Just at the time that trade was making its greatest headway, the former was fighting first Austria and then France, and the latter was being torn and mutilated by that Titanic struggle in which the North and the South settled their differences. We were manufacturers for the world, and cheap food for our working men was all we needed.

No one threatened our trade, we were first in the workshop and the mill. It was easy to cry: "Free Trade for ever! Let 'em all come!" when there was no one strong enough or rich enough to answer the challenge. But it is different nowadays, when we have about us a crowd of big, jealous, clever rivals waiting their opportunity against us.

There is hardly one of the happy prophecies of the old Free Trade enthusiasts which holds true in this twentieth century. To begin with, the good example we set in adopting Free Trade was not followed; neither is there any immediate likelihood that it will be followed. The other nations saw that it was useless for them to lay out their money in building factories and filling them with machinery if we Britishers were able to send them goods at a cheaper price than they could themselves manufacture. For people will always buy the cheapest, and just because a thing is manufactured at home they will not purchase it if they can get something equally good and less in price which has been manufactured abroad.

So Germany, and America, and France, and Russia clapped taxes on the goods we sent them—which is called Protection—and thus saved their factories, which were only tiny toddlers, from being crushed by that brawny young giant, Mr. John Bull. And the result has been that these little factories thus protected have grown and grown until they have become almost as strong and as healthy as those in Great Britain.

There has been no sign of the ending of war. It has been as frequent, as murderous, and far more costly than ever in the past. Never in the history of the world has mankind seen such huge camps, such great fleets, and such immense preparations as are around us to-day.

Perhaps the most serious mistake which the old Free Traders made was as regards the life and comfort of the working man. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking at Perth on June 5th, told us that "in this country we know, thanks to the investigations of Mr. Rowntree and Mr. Charles Booth, that there is about thirty per cent. of the population underfed, and on the verge of hunger. Thirty per cent. of forty-one millions comes to something like twelve millions."

Food is cheap enough, and such a statement as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman made means that for a great proportion of our countrymen wages have been reduced to their lowest limit. How are we to raise the rate of wages? How are we to clear the slums and give opportunities for decent living and regular employment to all our working classes? Mr. Chamberlain says that this will be done by his new proposals. It is therefore well that we should

consider them very seriously.

It is not pleasant work setting out the reasons which go to show that all may not be well with our nation and its trade. But it is always better to face an evil than to shut our eyes and imagine that it does not exist. So we must go forward in our work of inquiry without flinching.

Here is a fact plain enough, though for the sake of convenience we can put aside the figures which prove it for discussion next week. We send each year more and more of the things we manufacture to the Colonies; we send more to such nations as the Chinese, where all the world's trades have fair play and no favour. But our exports to the great countries which have fortified their home industries with ramparts of Protection has fallen since 1872. They no longer buy the things that we hammer and spin and comb as they did thirty years ago. This is not progress for us.

Again, their own factories have increased and multiplied since that date with marvellous rapidity. This proves, at least, that to America, to Germany, to France, and to Russia, Protection has not proved the curse we once held it to be.

As we travel over certain parts of this land of ours we see here and there broken-down factories that have a sad story to tell. Some are those in which the aniline dye trade flourished

until Germany destroyed it.

Others are the homes of the tinplate trade which America has hit so hard; others are those where silks were produced until France took the greater part of the business; others are scattered mills where the manufacture of cotton, and wool, and steel, and cutlery flourished, but which have fallen in the fierce race with our rivals to East and West, Germany and the U.S.A.

The Free Traders will tell you that the men who worked in them have gone to find employment at other manufactures more suitable to success in our country. Have they? Or have they gone to join the twelve millions "on the verge of starvation?" Those who desire to see us protected urge that there is no doubt about it; the hands have joined the twelve millions.

Our imports are on the increase. We now buy abroad 99 million pounds' worth of things that could be made in Britain. Those who believe in Protection cry: "Let us in future do this ourselves! Such a mass of new orders would set every factory humming throughout the land. Wages would rise and prosperity be general. We should hear no more of the twelve million people 'on the verge of starvation.'" And so the advocates of Freer Trade say that the only way to do it is to clap duties on foreign manufactures as they enter at our ports. We did not import this vast amount of manufactured articles when Free Trade first came in. Times have changed and we must change with them.

Is that logical? Are these men right or wrong in what they say? That is for you to answer.

[Next week's article will be: "Figures that Prove Facts."]

[If there is a point on which readers are not quite clear, write to "Perplexed" Department, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.]

USEFUL AT LAST.

A.: "How's your wife this morning, may I ask?"

B.: "Very happy, indeed."

A.: "Why, I heard she was suffering from a bad cold."

B.: "Oh, she has a cold, but she's not suffering. You see, some time ago she bought a bottle of cough mixture at a bargain sale, and she was beginning to despair of ever having a chance to use it."

◆

"I have only the most distant relatives."

"Has the family died out?"

"No; they have all become rich."

◆

Violet: "I hear that poor Algy blew out his brains on your account?"

Gladys: "I won't say that; but it's true he did shoot himself through the head!"

◆

Mrs. S.: "I don't believe in letting servants get the upper hand. I always make mine keep their places."

Mrs. T.: "You're lucky. We can never make ours do so for more than a month."

SOONER OR LATER.

Johnny, to please his sisters during the holidays, was reading out from the morning paper an account of a grand wedding.

"At the appointed hour," he read, "the clergyman took his stand at the chancel-rails, and to the strains of the 'Wedding March' the contradicting parties moved down the——"

"Not 'contradicting,' Johnny," interrupted his elder sister—"'contracting.'"

"Well," stoutly contended Johnny, "they'll be contradicting parties after a while!"

◆

Miss Jenkins: "I hope your heart is not broken at my refusal, Mr. Hopkins."

Mr. Hopkins: "No, Miss Jenkins; worse than that. My æsthetic nature is deeply, irreparably wounded at your lack of taste."

◆

Auntie: "It is a mistake, Mabel, to trifle with the affections of a man who loves you, by encouraging someone else."

Mabel: "Well, he's a little slow, auntie. I think he needs a pacemaker."

WRONG SORT OF ELEVATION.

They had just been introduced, and, as she looked into his thoughtful blue eyes, the young girl felt that she had at last met a man of high ideals.

"Are you interested in the elevation of the masses, Mr. M'Smudge?" she asked, after she had worked up to the subject by easy conversational stages.

"Intensely, Miss Gushington," he answered. "I have dedicated my life to this great work. I am just now interesting myself in circulating a pamphlet on the subject, which I shall be pleased to send you."

"How lovely!" she murmured. She knew that she had at last found a kindred soul.

But this world is full of bitter disappointments, and Ethel Gushington's finer sensibilities were rudely shocked when a few days later she received, with the compliments of John William M'Smudge, a catalogue and price-list of passenger lifts for which he was sole agent.

◆

"Where's Percy living now?"

"Oh, he's married now."

"Well, what's his father-in-law's address?"

◆

Mary: "If Frank should ask me for a kiss, I don't believe I could hold my head up."

Augusta: "Don't you worry about that. Frank will hold it up for you if he knows his business."

◆

"Adolphus, dear," said she, tenderly pushing him from her, as the moonlight flooded the bay window where they were standing, "I think you had better try some other hair producer—your moustache tastes like turpentine."

FRIGHTENED HIM AWAY.

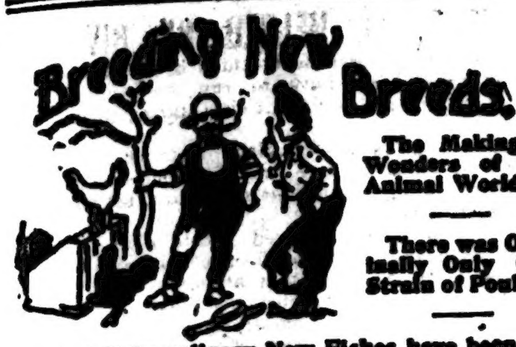
"Mary," said the cook to the housemaid, "they tell me it's all over between you and the policeman. Oh, I do hope it isn't true, dearie! He's such a nice young man!"

"It's true, every word of it," said Mary, stifling a sob. "And I've only got myself to blame for it. I made myself a 'orrid guy, and scared him away."

"I'm sure you couldn't make yourself a guy, no matter how you tried," the cook remarked soothingly.

"But I did, I tell you," replied Mary, no longer trying to stem her grief. "One day last week I went out to sweep the steps, and put the missus' motor-cap and goggles on to keep the dust out of my hair and eyes. And just as I was finishin' sweepin', who should come along but Robert hisself! I tried to hide behind the stone lion, but it was no use. He caught sight of me, gave one start of 'orror, and fled, and I ain't set eyes on him since!"

Mr. X's pages are Xceptionally Xcel lent in the November ROYAL MAGAZINE.



Breeding New Breeds.

The Making of Wonders of the Animal World.

There was Originally Only One Strain of Poultry.

And Extraordinary New Fishes have been Produced.

It has recently been stated that Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture in the United States, has been experimenting with a view to obtaining a breed of absolutely featherless fowls. He considers that the energy now applied to growing feathers will, instead, go to form fat, and that the birds will sell better, as the labour of plucking will be obviated.

This is only one—if a rather far-fetched—example of what is being done by hundreds of earnest experimenters all the world over.

There is no living thing, vegetable, insect, bird, or animal, fit for the service of man, which is not being constantly changed or improved by cross-breeding or new methods of growth, and civilised countries vie with one another in producing new varieties or breeds.

It is at the Marine Natural History Farm at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts, that the most startling experiments of this kind are in progress. The subjects are fish of different varieties, and, as it seems clear that mankind will eventually be forced to rely very largely upon the sea and river for food,

their importance is immense.

At Wood's Hole some astonishing results have already been arrived at. The herring, for instance, has been crossed with the shad, and the fresh-water herring or alewife with the white fish. Already large numbers of mature specimens of the latter cross have been caught in the Great Lakes, and there is no doubt as to their value as food fish.

Experiments are now in progress with a view to mating the cod with the haddock, and the ordinary sea bass with its fresh-water cousin.

In the tanks of the Marine Laboratory at Wood's Hole may be seen fish that are half salmon, half trout, as well as crosses between the ordinary brown trout and the rainbow trout.

If the United States is the first in the field in the production of new forms of edible fish, it is yet ages behind China in the breeding of freak specimens.

For centuries past the patient Chinee has been improving on Nature in pisciculture.

The wonderful "brush-tail" is a living testimony to his perseverance. This tiny goldfish, of which the body is no larger than a five-shilling piece, has a sweeping, many-branched tail of beautiful lace-like fabric. The fins are also long and feathery. Really fine specimens

bring prices up to £140 apiece.

The telescope fish, with eyes set on stalks like telescopes, is another strange Chinese product. The secret of the breeding of these peculiar-looking creatures is not known in the West.

A Frenchman named De Bellesme has recently succeeded in breeding salmon as a fresh-water fish. As readers are aware, salmon spend part of each year in the sea, only coming up the rivers to breed.

Monsieur Bellesme's experiments began in 1890, and have been crowned with success. He now has young salmon of good size, of which the parents never swam in salt water. In future it should be possible to stock land-locked waters with these salmon, an experiment never before successfully carried out.

In the matter of producing new strains of poultry Britain holds the record. Our Queen herself is one of the most prominent breeders of fancy poultry, especially of bantams.

The Queen is one of the chief fanciers of silkies, sometimes called negro fowls. Their plumage is of a white, silky texture, while the comb, face, and wattles are of a purple hue. A silky belonging to Mrs. Campbell, a well-known lady fancier,

was sold recently for £30.

The Ancona, a large, delicate-tasting bird, with a great capacity for egg-laying, is a breed Britain may pride herself on. It is allied to the Leghorn.

The Orpington is another extremely valuable breed produced in this country. It is the finest winter layer of any fowl in existence, and a year or so ago so much as £70 was paid by a Mrs. Wilkinson for a black Orpington cock.

When we look at the dozens of different breeds of chickens, varying from the tiny bantam up to the gigantic Cochin China, it is difficult, indeed, to believe that they are all descended from one and the same stock—the jungle fowl of Ceylon. Yet it is even harder to credit that creatures so different as a toy terrier and a mastiff can have had a common ancestor.

It is to Britain that the world in general owes the biggest debt in dogs. "Ormskirk Emerald," the finest collie ever bred, for which Mr. A. H. Megson paid the record price of £1,700, was a British production.

The toy dogs, which are at present all the fashion, are many of them brand new breeds. The Pomeranian of to-day is quite different from the Pomeranian of twenty years ago. The Schipperke, as a Society pet, little resembles his fathers, who resided on Dutch canal boats. The American toy terrier is a new breed, while the French toy bulldog is still another novelty.

These new dogs are, of course, only pets, and useless for practical purposes. But it is worth noting how mere fashion changes other animals.

Compare the show mouse of 1903 with its wild prototype. Formerly all white mice had pink eyes. These Albinos are now useless for show purposes. The white mouse must have black eyes. How this was arrived at is little short of a miracle.

The show mouse is nearly twice as big as the wild one, though bred directly from it. Its colours include black, white, and all sorts of intermediate shades, and its coat is like silk. It is to the National Mouse Club of this country that the plebeian mouse owes its aristocratic promotion.

Far more useful is the hobby of the British Belgian Hare Club. The Belgian hare is not a hare at all, but a kind of rabbit. As a new food animal it is unexcelled, and its skin is in the

greatest request by furriers.

Of late years the Belgian hare has become enormously popular in America. There are Californian ranches entirely given up to their breeding, and tens of thousands are yearly sent to market.

So much as £120 was recently paid by an American fancier for a British-bred Belgian hare. London alone eats a million pounds' weight of Belgian hare meat in a single year.

Coming to the plant world, Britain again leads the way. It is a Lancashire firm that has the credit of evolving a new wheat of excellent quality, and of which the average yield is more than double that of the ordinary varieties. A single plant was produced which bore sixty well-filled ears, averaging fifty grains to the ear—a total yield of 3,000 fold!

The patience necessary to arrive at new wheats may be gauged from the fact that each new kind, produced by artificial cross fertilisation, takes at least five years to become fixed, and that, then, on an average, only one in five or six of the new varieties are found to be of greater value than their parents. For not only size and productiveness must be taken into account, but also the ability of the new grain to

produce high-class flour.

Experimental farming of this kind owes an immense debt to Sir John Bennett Lawes, of Rothamsted, who spent a long life in experiments, and left behind him £100,000 to endow an experimental farm that his work might be carried on.

Most of our common vegetables came to us originally from Holland, and it is that country which still holds the world's record in the production of new kinds of bulbs.

This is another kind of breeding which requires patience, for bulbs of hyacinths and similar plants require five to seven years before coming to maturity and blossoming. Until they blossom it is, of course, quite impossible to make any guess at their value. And it must be remembered that during each year of its life the bulb must be planted afresh and taken up again before winter. But the results are sometimes amazing.

There is a new tulip known as the Black Dutch, which was fetching fifteen guineas a bulb last season. Even more expensive is the "Lord Roberts" daffodil, a magnificent, trumpet-shaped flower, which cost, when introduced a year ago, no less than £25 a bulb.

A SMART ARRANGEMENT.

A gentleman was on a holiday at one of the Scottish county towns recently. Seeing a line of hose laid along the street, he asked the man in charge if there had been a fire.

"No," replied the man, "we've only been practising."

Then the visitor began to quiz the brigade man.

"How do you call out your men when there's a fire?"

"Oh, weel," was the reply, "we jost drap them a post-caird!"

* * *

Miss Oldgirl (who writes): "I am thinking of writing a love story founded on my own experience."

Miss Maybudd: "Oh, dear me! Couldn't you bring it to a happier ending?"

* * *

"I am pained to hear that you are addicted to Bridge playing, and that last night you lost £10."

"The idea! Why, I don't even know how to play the game."

"So I was informed by the party who won the money."

* * *

Maude: "What makes you so awfully nervous, dear?"

Clara: "Why, Fred is to have an interview with papa this afternoon."

Maude: "Oh, and are you afraid your father will not give his consent?"

Clara: "No; I'm afraid Fred won't show up."

"VLKOSLAKS" AND "WHITE WITCHES."

Mysterious People who have Worn Masks.

A masked "vlkoslak" has been creating something of a panic in the suburbs of Belgrade.

"Vlkoslak" is, of course, a Servian word, and means indifferently either a were-wolf or a vampire.

The particular specimen that is just now troubling the people recently subject to the murdered King Alexander, is described as tall and slim. He prowls always by night, and has a special predilection for children.

The offspring of the poor, however, are safe, no matter how often they may encounter him. But let a patrician boy or girl cross his path, and they are at once seized. Later on their mangled bodies, drained of every drop of blood, will be found by the roadside.

Thus the story as told by the common people. But the authorities are sceptical. Not, indeed, of the existence of the monster, but of his supernatural origin. No self-respecting "vlkoslak," they argue, would condescend to go about masked.

In fact, they hold strongly to the theory, that the so-called "vlkoslak" is merely a revengeful adherent of the fallen Obrenovitch dynasty, who has taken this vindictive method of avenging his slain master.

England has had a masked mystery—a woman christened the "White Witch." She appeared in London after the abdication of James II., and took lodgings off the Strand, where she supported herself by her needle. She was dressed in white from head to foot, and her face was completely hidden by a white velvet mask, which she never removed.

At the time the wildest conjectures were afloat concerning her identity; but she is now known to have been the Duchess of Tyrconnel, widow of Richard Talbot, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and an emissary of the Jacobite party.

Another "White Witch," also masked, flourished about the same time in Nuremberg.

She was not a peeress, but a poor, unlettered peasant woman, half crazy, but not ill-meaning, who went about preaching that the end of the world was at hand.

To get rid of her they shut her up in prison. But, as she continued to shout and rave, even in her cell, she was inclosed alive within the "iron maiden," a terrible contrivance, shaped like a woman externally, but studded all over internally with sharp spikes. These latter pierced her body in about forty places. Yet she lingered for more than eleven days, until her executioners began to believe that she really possessed the supernatural power she claimed.

One of the most famous of masked prophets was Hakim ben Allah of Khorassan. He had lost an eye in battle, and was otherwise fearfully disfigured, so wore a mask of green silk to conceal his face. His followers, however, said it was done to screen the dazzling brightness of his countenance, which otherwise would strike with blindness anyone gazing upon it.

He assumed to be a god; and also maintained that he was Adam, Noah, and other equally distinguished dead-and-gone celebrities.

At last the Sultan Mahadi took the field against him, and the masked one, when he saw that all hope of escape was gone, first poisoned the whole of his disciples at a banquet, and then threw himself in a vat of boiling vitriol.

The famous "Spring-heeled Jack," who terrorised London and the suburbs in 1838, assumed all sorts of disguises, but his one distinguishing trait was a black mask with horns, which completely enveloped the head and face.

He appeared first at Barnes, where he leapt suddenly on a number of inoffensive people, frightening them well-nigh to death. Next he was heard of at East Sheen. Then at Richmond, Ham, Kingston, Teddington, Twickenham, and other places.

His favourite character was Satan; but he also appeared as a huge baboon, a man in armour, and a gigantic white rabbit. His agility was incredible. He would suddenly leap over a hedge or a high wall, buffet his victim half insensible, and then, with a somersault, disappear as he came.

It was said at the time that the youthful Marquis of Waterford was the originator of these silly pranks, but no proof was ever adduced in support of the surmise. Whoever he was, robbing was no part of his game, which appears to have been simply to create terror and excite wonder.

Finally, there was the Man in the Iron Mask, a mysterious French prisoner of State, condemned at all times to wear a black velvet face covering. He was confined at first in the Chateau of Pignerol, and afterwards in the Bastille, where he died at the age of sixty-three, after a captivity extending altogether to over forty years.

He went by the name of L'Estang, but who he was nobody knows for certain, for King Louis, when the prisoner was dead, had his features beaten to a pulp to prevent recognition. The most commonly-received opinion, however, is that he was Count Antonio Matthioli, Ambassador of Ferdinand Charles, Duke of Mantua, and that he had been kidnapped by the French King while treacherously negotiating the cession of the fortress of Casale, the then much-coveted "Key of Italy."

What about "The Strange Errands of a Messenger Boy"? See the November ROYAL MAGAZINE.

New Rules that will Help Forwards.

This Season's Developments in the Association World.

Fresh Laws have been Added.

And Foul Players are now Liable to Very Severe Penalties.

Followers of Association football are this season to have the added zest arising from important alterations in the laws, the development of which seems certain to change the present system, both in attack and defence, and is expected to make play still faster and to add to its interest and excitement.

That the game should thus undergo further developments will cause little surprise to those who know its history, and are aware of the comparative rapidity with which it has evolved, from apparent crudeness, to one of the most perfectly organised games in the world.

As a matter of fact, those responsible for Associationism have all along been less conservative than the leaders in respect to other games, and there are those who take this to be one of the main secrets of its marvellous growth.

One of their great points has always been to keep the play going, and it may fairly be said that no game comes up to it

in sustained interest.

The old throw-in with one arm, which often gave the points to the thrower rather than to the footballer, had to give place to the present overhead throw with both arms, which immediately opens play without unduly favouring the attacking side.

It is interesting to recall that players like Hindle, of Accrington; Beverley, of Blackburn Rovers and Olympic; and J. Powell, the Welsh international, could, under the one-arm throw-in, do far more effective work with the arm than with the feet.

During a Welsh international game against England, Powell, from the twenty-five yards mark on his own side, threw the ball right into the opposite goal; whilst it was a common thing for Hindle and Beverley to throw half the length of the ground. Indeed, there were those who held Beverley to be the most powerful thrower of the day.

The introduction of goal nets was an important reform, and prevented many cases of abuse. If there are difficulties now in the way of deciding whether or not a ball has crossed the goal line, as in the great Tottenham Hotspur v. Sheffield United case, they were infinitely more numerous in the old days, when goals were allowed or disallowed with

amazing disregard of facts.

In one of the cases, in which West Bromwich Albion were concerned, a shot put the ball almost under the goalkeeper's arms, and yet was held not to have gone under, but over the bar!

A Lancashire Cup final, in which Preston North End were playing, resulted in a goal being allowed to the then champions which had gone a yard wide, and for which Drummond, then one of the best forwards in the country, was only claiming a corner kick.

No wonder the clubs were ready for goal nets; but there is yet a fortune for the inventor who will devise some means, without interfering with the goalkeeper, of deciding whether a ball which is right as to direction has really crossed the line or not.

An inventor did devise a system of wires and bells; but when the excitable goalkeeper set them ringing by the involuntary swing of his arms as the ball was being carried towards the opposite goal, it was realised to be a remedy which might easily be worse than the disease.

The penalty kick, introduced in 1891 to meet acts of obvious unfairness, such as fisting out shots on the part of others than the goalkeeper, deliberate tripping, pushing and holding, caused modifications of play apart from putting down

the evils referred to.

Impulsive players who easily lost their heads found it necessary to play outside the penalty area. The advantage of this was readily seen. It to some extent put an end to the old corner scrambles, and caused the ball to be kept more on the "go," besides which it developed the system of combination between backs and half-backs which the old Preston North End had introduced.

When the area in front of goal was increased as against the reduction at the sides, there was a still further improvement in the style of defence which caught the public eye.

The authorities did another good thing for the game when they sought to limit the stoppages for accidental cases of handling, though in this regard the referees, particularly those of "the order of sticklers," have limited the effect of the improvement.

But now we have changes which carry us still further in the direction of improvement.

Perhaps what will prove the most important outcome of the last meeting of the International Board which rules these things is the decision that henceforth free kicks for fouls of the worst order may score straight from the first kick.

Under the old system it was necessary for a second player to touch the ball in some way, and it was usual to hear the cry, "Let it go!" as the ball went sailing straight to the goal without a second man having a chance of touching it.

Now all this will be changed, and players will not only be anxious to avoid fouls, but will have to study new tactics of attack in defence.

"My opinion of the change," said an old hand at the game the other day, "is that it will make attacking play still more exciting.

"It used to be the one endeavour," he continued, "to touch the ball. It will now be the aim to keep opponents off it, and there will, in my judgment, be far fewer pointless draws, far less of brute force, and far more of the skill which makes the game."

A further change, which will affect play in a beneficial sense, lies in the endowment of referees with discretionary powers as to stopping the game for breaches of the laws when they see such a stoppage

would benefit the offenders.

Quite a scandal has been caused in the past by the fact that players of a certain class were always ready to foul a man who appeared likely to score, or to unfairly stop the ball and take the risk of a free kick or penalty.

An English Cup-tie was lost and won in that fashion last year. The season before that Aston Villa suffered in a game against one of the Midland teams, and one of the Sunderland players was also alleged to be guilty of it in a crucial game.

Indeed, it might be said that there is scarcely a club in the country which on the one hand has escaped the taint of suspicion, or on the other has not suffered in this way.

The whole point of the thing lay in the fact that referees felt bound to adhere to the letter of the law and stop play, whereon the defenders gathered their forces and generally escaped.

Now, referees may let the attacking side take their chance, and it is anticipated that it will do away with a lot of unscrupulous work, and prevent those stoppages which were always in the nature of

an anti-climax.

Then an irritating system had grown up, thanks to the laxity of referees, whereby the spirit of the off-side law was systematically broken.

Whenever a man got off-side he would, of set purpose, run alongside the ball and worry the defender by pretending to play it.

The defender would draw back, knowing that if the ball were kicked the law would operate; but the forward would take care not to do this.

His object was to keep the back puzzled until one of his own side who could legally play the ball slipped up.

Now the referees have received distinct instructions that this is illegal. The off-side man may not interfere with play in any way, and though the tricky "poacher" may find his occupation gone, the opportunities for genuine play all round will be greatly increased.

◆

HE NEEDED EXERCISE.

"John, dear," said the little wife, "the doctor was here this morning, and he said you needed exercise; and I've mapped out a little programme for you."

"You have?"

"Yes. To-morrow morning you are to work for two hours in the garden, whitewash the back fence, beat the parlour carpet, clean the windows outside, help move the piano, and assist in any other little things that need attention round the house; and it'll be so nice to think you're exercising at home, where you'll not overwork yourself, and save gymnasium fees!"

◆

Sufferer: "Do you extract teeth without pain?"

Dentist: "Not always. I sprained my wrist on one a couple of days ago, and it hurts yet."

◆

Fond Mother: "Are you not somewhat astonished at my daughter's singing?"

Professor: "I certainly am. But then she is young yet."

◆

He: "It's only a week since I met you, Miss Mabel, yet I feel as if I'd known you for years, and years, and years."

She: "Well, you needn't pile years on so thick. I'm only nineteen."

◆

Actor: "I can't play all three of the parts you have assigned me in this melodrama."

Manager: "Why not?"

Actor: "Because in the first act two of them engage in a fight, and the third rushes in and separates them."

COURTSHIPS HELPED BY RIVALS.

When Cupid has been Aided by Jealousy.

Most sweethearts have to run the gauntlet of a certain amount of hostile criticism during their courtships.

To the ominous headshakings and sarcastic forebodings of friends, there are sometimes added the deliberate attempts of jealous rivals to upset an otherwise prosperous match.

Luckily these spite-inspired efforts often fail, and sometimes have the reverse effect to that intended.

It frequently happens that attempts to make mischief between engaged couples have the effect of cementing the bonds of love and hastening the expected union, to the discomfiture and chagrin of jealous schemers, who, by underhand means, seek to destroy the blissful prospects of love's young dream.

Not long since, a mischief-making, rejected aspirant, as a result of his disappointment, adopted a very mean method of trying to separate the girl who had refused him from the man whom she had afterwards chosen.

The sulky suitor took the despicable course of bribing the waiter in a small restaurant, which the newly-engaged pair occasionally visited, to listen to and report their conversation.

In this way he became acquainted with a good deal of the unsuspecting couple's private affairs, and was thus enabled to lay plans for the purpose of obstructing or upsetting the courtship.

His nefarious scheme worked well at first, for, by means of the information obtained in this way, he was able to lend an appearance of truth to certain false rumours which he started respecting his successful rival's business. He also caused a bitter feeling to arise between the respective families of the young lovers.

Luckily, however, for the course of love and domestic peace, his precious plot was discovered by the efforts of a mutual friend, who traced the lying tales to their source. The result was a speedy and sweet reconciliation, which gave such an impetus to the courtship that the pair were married a few weeks later.

Another case of unavailing spite was that of a small Liverpool merchant, who fell in love with the sweetheart of one of his own clerks. So deeply was he smitten, that he offered the assistant in question a substantial rise in salary if he would renounce all claim to the lady who had promised to be his wife.

To his honour, however, the young fellow refused the tempting offer with indignation and disgust, though, at the same time, fully conscious that his refusal would probably be followed by dismissal.

And so the sequel proved, for, finding his suit hopeless, and his clerk obdurate, the unscrupulous employer, in revenge, discharged his assistant. And, with the idea of crushing him the more completely, in order to secure a clear field and better chance for himself, he refused to give the young man a reference.

The consequence was that the steadfast lover soon found himself utterly unable to obtain another situation.

The outlook became very gloomy, but, when almost in despair of ever being able to wed the lady of his choice, light came from an unexpected quarter, for the girl who had unwittingly been the cause of his financial troubles stood by him in misfortune, and helped him back to prosperity again. Having a relative in the wholesale trade in which her *fiancé* had been engaged, she laid the facts of her lover's case before him. The recital of the story so moved this gentleman, that he immediately promised to do something for the young couple.

With the consent of his partners, he set the quondam clerk up in business, advancing most of the necessary goods on extended terms of credit from his own warehouse.

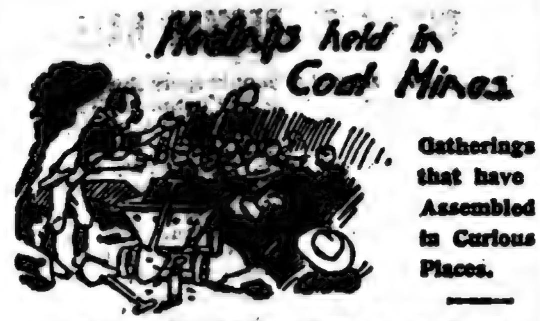
As the direct result, therefore, of the interference and persecution of his old master and rival, the aspirant for matrimony was helped into a much better position. He was thereby enabled to marry several years earlier than he could otherwise have done.

The rivalry between two London barmaids about a year or two ago was so intense that it led one of them to the commission of a dastardly action in order to secure an advantage over her colleague. Feeling that she occupied only a second place in the estimation of a handsome young student who frequently visited the house, she determined to supplant her more favoured rival by fair means or foul.

With this end in view, and finding fair means unavailing, she procured a strong chemical irritant, and mixed it with the water to be used by her rival for washing in her bedroom. The idea was, of course, to so effectually destroy her fair competitor's beauty as to render her repulsive to all beholders. But, happily, the plan miscarried, or, rather, was only partially successful. The damage done to the young lady's complexion was so inconsiderable as to be invisible about a fortnight afterwards.

The identity of the author of the outrage, however, soon became known, and she was at once discharged. The effect of the whole affair upon the mind of the student-admirer, when it came to his knowledge, was soon apparent, for he was so filled with sympathy for the victim of the base attempt, that he proposed marriage at the first opportunity, and was immediately accepted.

Dimmock again! His latest joke is so killingly funny that we strongly advise you not to buy the new ROYAL MAGAZINE and read it.


Meetings held in Coal Mines

Gatherings that have Assembled in Curious Places.

A Tomb was the Meeting-Place of One Society.

And the French House of Commons Met on a Tennis-Court.

The Socialists of Muhlham, in Bavaria, were recently in somewhat of a quandary.

They wanted to hold a meeting, but the town authorities objected, so one of the leaders suggested that, as the Danube was just then unusually low, they should adjourn to a sandbank in the midst of the river.

By adopting this course, he explained, they would be secure from interference by the local police, since the bed of the stream belonged, not to the Commune, but to the State.

No sooner said than done! The chairman and speakers waded into the water up to their knees. Two thousand people followed. And for more than an hour the latter stood listening patiently, while the wrongs of labour and the crimes of capital were bewailed and condemned.

Many old-fashioned Frenchmen still keep up the festival of the Jeu de Paume (June 20th), once the

principal national holiday.

The incident it celebrates dates from the great Revolution. The King had closed and locked the Hall of the Assembly, in which the French Parliament, called together for the first time in many years, had been sitting. The nobles and the clergy bowed to their monarch's decision. But the Third Estate, answering to our House of Commons, adjourned to the Jeu de Paume (tennis court), and swore never to dissolve until a constitution had been established.

Out of this famous meeting sprang all the mighty changes of the next few years—the abolition of the monarchy, the execution of the King and Queen, and the frightful scenes of carnage that disgraced the dawn of the republic.

One day in the early part of the nineteenth century five men met together within a charcoal-burner's kiln, in the depths of a forest in Lombardy, to plot the redemption of Italy. Very ignorant they were, very poor also, and when they parted after pledging themselves to freedom or death, they were grimed from head to foot

with charcoal dust.

Some forest guards who met them jeered at their uncouth appearance, calling after them "carbonari, carbonari," much as we in England might dub a dirty fellow a "sweep." The conspirators, who lacked a name for the organisation they had just founded, accepted the reproachful title as though it had been one of honour, and from that moment came into being the Carbonari, undoubtedly the most terrible and most powerful secret political association the world has ever known.

Its membership at one time was said to exceed seven millions, all adult males. Their lodges were called "huts." Inside was "the place for selling charcoal"; outside was "the forest." Initiates of the order were known as "sheep," all other persons were "wolves."

A similarly-constituted society, but on an infinitely smaller scale, were the Molly Maguires of the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. These held their meetings in the coal mines, far under ground, each lodge being termed a "drift." A member was a "rabbit," an outsider a "weasel," and the police and mine managers were termed "skunks." None but Irishmen born, who had also to be professed Roman Catholics,

were eligible for initiation.

The Mollies chiefly aimed at keeping up the price of labour by keeping strangers out of the district, and many atrocious murders were committed by them. At length things became so bad that the mine owners combined to break up the organisation, and this was finally accomplished in June, 1877, when several of the leaders were executed.

The mysterious "Physical Club," the weirdest of all the many weird secret societies with which Russia has been honeycombed almost from time immemorial, met regularly in a tomb beneath the Kremlin at Moscow.

The members belonged to the noblest families in the land, and physical excellence of a high order was essential in a candidate. Both men and women were eligible, the requisites for the former being health and vigour, for the latter youth and beauty.

Novitiates were made to embrace a newly-buried corpse, quaff wine from a human skull, and perform a variety of other similar unpleasant acts. Notwithstanding, membership was eagerly sought; husbands introduced their wives, brothers their sisters, and vice versâ. It was said that beneath all the ghastly mummery the club hid vast and far-reaching political aims. Anyhow, it was eventually rigorously suppressed "by order of the Tsar."

Into the female ward of Newgate Prison, one morning in the early part of the last century, stepped the gentle Quakeress, Elizabeth Fry. The momentary silence that followed her entrance was succeeded by a perfect hurricane of yells, oaths, execrations. But in the intervals the sweet, pure voice of the little grey-gowned religieuse could be heard pleading. "It is not good, my sisters," she said, "that ye should live as ye are living." And she then and there called a meeting of the prisoners to discuss matters.

The idea tickled the poor, ragged, half-starved wretches immensely. A "chairman" was chosen, the individual selected being a certain Mary Connor, a schoolmistress, in for stealing a watch; and a code of rules for the future guidance of the inmates was drawn up and subscribed to. Monitresses, elected by themselves, were intrusted with their enforcement. Elizabeth Fry, on her part, undertook to get them employment, knitting and needlework, and to

dispose of it when done.

Such was the beginning of prison reform in the "women's side" of Newgate, a place so unutterably awful that it had long been aptly entitled "Hell above ground." In three months thereafter the whole character and tone of the ward had been completely metamorphosed, order and cleanliness taking the place of riot and filth, and hope and cheerfulness of despair and misery.

The Gueux (or "Beggars") of Holland, who drove out the Spaniards, and founded the present kingdom of the Netherlands, used to hold their earlier meetings in a house shaped like a huge cock. Its comb was blue and yellow—the colours of the House of Orange—and out of its mouth hung a flag with the inscription, "Vivent les gueux par tout le monde," which means "There are beggars all over the world." This strange meeting-house, like almost everything else connected with the extraordinary order it sheltered, was, of course, symbolical of great ends and wide aims.

Many political and other meetings have been held in the catacombs at Rome since they were accidentally re-discovered in 1578. Bosio, the "Columbus of the subterranean world," who devoted a lifetime to their exploration, gathered round him an earnest band of semi-religious, semi-political reformers, whose headquarters were a secret rock-hewn chamber beneath

the Basilica of St. Agnes.

Two centuries later the bandit-patriot Fanti and his disciples took refuge within their pestiferous depths, whence they sallied forth by night to carry terror and dismay into the homes of the wealthier classes, while so late as the year 1848 a meeting of revolutionists was surprised therein by the soldiery, and a running fight, which lasted a day and night, took place throughout a portion of the hundreds of miles of tortuous and gloomy galleries.

When the "Rustands" (village elders) were organising the great peasant revolt which was to deluge Germany in blood, they were wont to hold their meetings in the leafy crown of some huge forest tree, "so that the lords and ladies out hunting frequently rode all unwittingly beneath those that were plotting their deaths."

The rising was suppressed with great severity, and of the 150,000 insurgents who perished, a considerable proportion were hanged upon the very trees that had formerly served to shelter them during their deliberations.

◆

He (passionately): "My love, Geraldine, is like the rose in your hair. It is——"
She: "Artificial!"

◆

Algernon: "Tommy, do you think your sister would marry me?"
Tommy: "Yes, she'd marry almost anybody, from what she said to ma."

◆

She has learnt to embroider. The pansies are fair,
  And the daisies are charming, I vow;
But for sewing on buttons, or darning a tear—
  She'll tell you she doesn't know how.

◆

She: "The Brownes called on us last week, you know."
He: "Yes."
She: "Don't you think it is about time we should retaliate?"

THE EXPERIENCES OF A LADY DOCTOR
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The Lady's Magazine.
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ARE CLERKS OVERWORKED?

The Other Side of the Question.

It is among clerks that the greater number of agitators have been found to favour the proposed new Bank Holiday in October. They declare that they are overworked, that they never have time to devote to their private affairs, let alone amusement. "I never have time for anything," you will frequently hear a clerk exclaim. "My life is all work or bed."

There is no doubt but that the words are spoken in good faith. But let us see how much truth there is in them. Probably no one will be more surprised than the speaker to find how many hours of leisure he has in the course of a year.

For this purpose it will be most simple to divide the year, not into days, but hours. Take an ordinary year of 365 days. 365×24=8,760. These 8,760 hours have to be divided roughly into three heads—work, leisure, sleep.

The latter we will put first, being the most indispensable. Most men can do well enough with seven hours' sleep. Many great geniuses, such as Napoleon and Cæsar, did with much less. But let us allow the full eight hours. Eight hours out of the twenty-four amount to 2,920 in the year.

Work must next be estimated. Business hours, of course, vary greatly. The lucky man who wields his pen in Government employ may arrive at ten and leave at four.

On the other hand, there are mercantile houses where junior clerks arrive at eight, and do not leave till twelve weary hours have passed. We are, however, searching for the average, and if we put the average clerk's hours at nine to six on five days a week, with an hour allowed for luncheon, and nine to two on Saturdays, we shall not be far wrong.

There are, however, deductions to be made before completing this calculation. The yearly holiday is always a fortnight at least—very often three weeks. Put it at fourteen days and add to these the remaining fifty Sundays and the six Bank Holidays. Here we have a total of seventy days in the year upon which no office work whatsoever is done. We are left with 295 days.

Two hundred and forty-five of these will be full days of work, totalling 1,960 hours. Fifty will be Saturdays of five hours each—another 250 hours. 1,960+250=2,210. If our typical clerk works every minute of the time he is in the office, he has by the end of the year put in 2,210 hours.

"But," he objects, "you are not making any allowance for time spent in getting to and from the office!" Quite true! Put this at an average of half an hour each way, and we must add another 295 hours to our computation.

It will now make matters plainer to the reader if we put down our results in the form of a sum:

365 days of 24 hours	8,760	hours.
Deduct sleep 8 hours a day	2,920	"
Leaving for work and play	5,840	"
Deduct time devoted to work and travelling	2,505	"
Leaving for leisure	3,335	"

Thus it is plain that the typical clerk has at his own disposal in the year an excess of 830 hours' leisure over work.

"That's all very well," he replies. "But how about eating, dressing, and necessary exercise? These are essentials." Granted. But there is no reason why the hours devoted to such should be wasted. Most men read the morning paper at breakfast. It is amazing how many books, either fact or fiction, may be digested during the lunch hour.

The writer may be pardoned if he says that he speaks from actual experience. The dinner or supper hour may be turned to advantage in pleasant or practical conversation. While dressing in the morning, the practice of University men who are cramming for an examination is to be commended. They have a sheet of facts to be memorised over their looking-glass.

Then, as to exercise. If the clerk lives within a moderate distance of his office, he may get quite sufficient to keep him in good health by walking up and down. Or if his residence is in a suburb, he will walk to and from the station.

Again, compare the hours which a clerk works with those of workers in other businesses. The majority of shop assistants, for instance, are at work by eight in the morning, and are not able to start home until eight or nine at night. They get one half-day's holiday in the week, but make up for it by toiling till ten or eleven o'clock on Saturdays.

Daily newspaper men come down to their offices at two or three in the afternoon, and rarely get away before a similar hour the next morning. And they do not get Sundays off! Such instances might be multiplied without end. But enough has been said to prove that the clerk is not, as he is apt to fondly imagine, the hardest worked of all those who toil for their daily bread.

You'll have to pay fourpence for an introduction to David David, the messenger boy whose strange adventures are told in the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

Why Coins put Under are Foundation Stones.

The Origin of Builders' Curious Customs.

They are Remainders of the Days of Barbarism.

Certain Ornamentations on Buildings have Hideous Meanings.

Very terrible in its sinister significance is the custom of putting coins under the foundation stone of a building about to be erected.

For these pieces of gold and silver and bronze are the latter-day equivalents of the human beings that would once have been immolated there, and there immured. They constitute the ransom for blood that by rights should be shed, but is not.

This latter terrible use was at one time well-nigh universal, and traces of it survive almost everywhere. In many parts of Europe, for instance, when the hole is dug to receive this same foundation stone, the masons will entice to the spot some stranger.

Then, while one engages him in conversation, another will creep behind and measure his shadow, the measuring-stick being afterwards buried, and mortar stamped down on top of it. Or they prepare a tiny coffin, inside which is a doll, for use in the same way; or rude images of babies in swaddling-clothes are similarly immured.

And in not a few out-of-the-way parts of the world, whose inhabitants stand psychically about where we did twenty centuries ago, the original custom still prevails

in all its primitive hideousness.

Only last year, at Mosdok, in the Caucasus, three builders were arrested for kidnapping and murdering a lad, whose body they afterwards built into the foundations of a tower they were erecting.

In 1865 two children, a boy and a girl, were similarly consigned to a living grave by some labourers working on a blockhouse at Duga, in Asiatic Turkey.

At Copenhagen a wall sank as fast as it was built, so they took an innocent little girl and set her at a table with toys and "sweeties." Then, while she played and ate, twelve master masons closed the vault over her.

A house that was being built at Scutari became shaky. A "wise man," whose advice was sought, decreed that the defect would increase unless a human victim were walled into the foundations. So the three brothers who were working at it agreed among themselves to immolate and immure the first of their wives who came to the place

to bring them food.

Similar instances might be multiplied indefinitely, and from every country on the face of the globe, not excluding our own. In 1885, when Holsworthy Church, in Devonshire, was being restored, a skeleton, with a mass of mortar plastered over the mouth, was found imbedded in an angle of the building.

That the castle of Liebenstein might stand impregnable, a child was bought for hard cash of its peasant mother, and walled into the donjon tower.

A roll was given the little one to eat while the masons were at work, and the unnatural parent stood by to quiet it in case it cried out. "Mother, I can see you," laughed the child when the wall was breast high. "Mother, I see a little of you still." Then, wailingly: "Mother, I see nothing of you now."

In the museum at Algiers is a plaster cast of the mould left by the body of one Geronimo, who was built into a block of concrete in the angle of the fort

in the sixteenth century.

Candles, too, are frequently utilised. A lighted candle is everywhere the symbol of life, just as an extinguished one reversed is of death.

In the chancel wall of Bridgerule Church a half-consumed tallow "dip" was found immured in a secret recess. Another was discovered, a few years back, built into one of the buttresses of St. Osyth's Priory, in Essex.

When old Blackfriars Bridge (built in 1769) was pulled down in 1867, there were found, within a vault-like cavity beneath the second arch from the Surrey side, two such candles, together with a number of bones, and a horse's head.

This latter is very significant. It is typical of the pale horse of the death-god Woden, to whom all these propitiatory sacrifices were made. Frequently, in days gone by, horses' heads were built into churches. Indeed, several of them can be seen, to this very day, gruesomely protruding from among the masonry of the parish church of Elsdon, in Northumberland.

Yet another custom bearing closely on this same horrid rite is that which decrees that a sheaf of corn shall be fastened to the gable of a completed building. This is constantly done by the workmen in all parts of England, but especially in Devonshire and Cornwall.

Ask them about it, and they will tell you it is a supper for the birds. But, in reality, it has a far deeper significance. It is intended as a feed for that selfsame pale horse, whose rider else would take too swift and too heavy toll of the future inmates.

Or, again, on certain Gothic buildings can be seen what architects call "hip-nobs," that is, bunches of flowers, or corn, imitated in stone, wood, or clay. The builder says this is for ornament merely, knowing no better. But it is deeply and fearfully symbolical, nevertheless, as the reader can plainly see for himself by this time.

In many parts of England the bricklayers, when they have finished their work and set on the chimney-pots, fix a bush on top of the loftiest scaffold-pole. In some districts the bush has been

superseded by a flag.

Ask the foreman why this is, and he will tell you that it is because the men have finished their job, and expect a drink to celebrate the occasion.

And no doubt this is why it is done now. But their forefathers did it as an offering to Woden's horse, and the drink was a solemn libation to the horse's rider. Even now a portion of the first pot of beer is spilt upon the ground.

Thus we get the flag from the bush, the bush from the sacrificial sheaf, and the sheaf from the human victim. The proverb says there is a skeleton in every house. The proverb was once literally true.

The custom crops up everywhere. All over England are human skulls preserved in niches and corners of old farmhouses. Terrible things, we are invariably told, will happen to the inmates if the grisly relics are taken away and buried.

Another variation is the child ghost that haunts so many old manor houses. The usual legend is that the victim was buried under the hearth in the great hall, and a cruel uncle is dragged into the story to account for the "crime." But the avuncular murder is a myth of later creation. The choice of the burial place tells us that. For upon the hearth were the earlier expiatory victims sacrificed, and beneath it they were interred.

Then the hearth was also the altar, the most sacred portion of the dwelling. To this day we speak of violating the sanctity of a man's hearth.

◆

IN HIS ELEMENT.

A clergyman, who was travelling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers.

The host, not being used to having a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all their raillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark.

The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbours.

One of them at last, in despair of his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience. Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect upon me."

◆

He: "Worth half a million, isn't he?"

She: "Yes; but otherwise he's worthless."

◆

Artful Jimmie, conscious of unprepared lessons and desirous and staying from school: "Mamma, what sort of illness is there you don't have to take medicine for?"

◆

Ida: "After all, a hammock is nothing but a net."

Ernie: "You are right. Many a girl makes a good catch in one."

◆

Patient: "I wish to consult you with regard to my utter loss of memory."

Doctor: "Ah—yes—why—er—in cases of this class I always require my fee in advance."

◆

Bill: "How do you know the good places to fish in this stream?"

Jill: "Oh, I walk along until I find a place where there are a lot of empty bottles scattered about."

◆

She: "Jack told me that hospital was built entirely at his expense. Is that possible?"

He: "Well, Jack's uncle cut him off with a hundred pounds, and left the rest of his money to build the hospital."

TRAINS TRADESMEN HATE.

They Worry Seaside Shopkeepers by Bringing London Trippers who don't Spend Money, and Taking away Residents who do.

"Town seems very full," said *P.W.* the other day to a tobacconist at a large south-coast watering place.

"Oh, is it?" said the tradesman. "Where?"

We explained that we had been in the town some hours, and must have met thousands of visitors on the front, of all sorts and conditions, and therefore concluded that the town was full.

"Full it may be, in the sense that there are a lot of people about," said the tobacconist; "but how much good do you suppose they are to trade? Take a walk along the front, and in the town, and notice for yourself what business the shopkeepers are doing. Why, you are the second customer I have had to-day, and it's now twelve o'clock.

"Go and ask any tradesman in this town what business he's doing, and I'll bet you a box of cigars he will tell you the same thing. But the town's full—oh, yes, full of people that we could do without."

I inquired the reason of this. The weather had been fine for weeks, and the service of trains was one of the best out of London.

"Trains, did you say?" said my informant, "that's the whole point. It's fast trains that are ruining us. A town like this doesn't want fast trains from London. They bring down the day tripper, to begin with. Well, the day tripper is no use to us. He brings his dinner with him, and a flask of whisky or gin in his pocket; he sits on the beach the whole time, and looks at the sea. He doesn't even buy a copy of a newspaper. His idea is to spend as little as he can in this town.

"Then fast trains hit us in another direction. They take our residents away from us. Instead of giving their orders to a local tradesman, they run up to London once a week and buy their supplies there. If we had a slower service of trains, nobody would think of going to London to do shopping. As it is, they make nothing of the journey.

"As a fact, our residents benefit us very little, and simply because we are so near London."

I asked this very discontented tobacconist, who, in his opinion, did benefit seaside trade, adding:

"The week-ender, for instance, how does he suit you?"

I was answered by a look of contempt.

"Not a bit," he said. "The week-ender goes to some hotel, where he gets everything included from Saturday to Monday for about a sovereign, and spends nothing else. He brings his tobacco with him, and, as a general rule, spends most of his time in his hotel."

"Then it is the rich visitor only that is any profit?" I inquired.

"Scarcely any at all. He has provided himself with what he is likely to want before leaving London. If there is anything more, he can telephone to his London tradesman for it. The telephone is another thing that spoils the local tradesman."

This last piece of information floored me. Nobody in human shape seemed of any use to this town. But I had overlooked one class of holiday-maker, as will be seen by the following:

"The man that pays in a place like this," resumed the tradesman, "is the man of moderate means, who is taking his fortnight's holiday, the clerk in a good position, manager, foreman, or well-to-do tradesman. When he comes down here he takes fairly good apartments, and does order his goods in from local tradesmen.

"It is to the fortnight holiday-maker that we look for our year's profits. If the season is a bad one for him, it is bad all round. A wet June, such as we have had this year, means a great loss in 'fortnighters,' who drive their holidays off until much later, and leave us slack for half the summer.

"No; a seaside town owes nothing to London or its fast trains. They simply dump down hundreds and thousands of people who buy not even a halfpenny paper in the town, let alone more expensive things; and they enable people who would otherwise patronise local trade to get quickly up to London and buy things there. We have good reason down here to envy the seaside tradesman in some remote county, far from London, who simply has things all his own way, and gets the right, paying kind of visitors."

And, after buying several ounces of tobacco, cigarettes, and boxes of matches I did not want, I walked out, feeling several inches smaller. I, too, was but a day tripper.

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THE COST OF ANOTHER'S CRIME.

By NOWELL CAY.

NAMES TO REMEMBER.

Madeline Verrán, an Australian, whose uncle, Mr. Durnford, has asked her to come over to England, but, on her arrival, she receives a letter from his private secretary saying that she is no longer wanted. She goes to Kingstairs Castle, under the name of May Durnford, as governess to Dolores, the daughter of her friend, Lady Alverdale.

Lady Alverdale (Viva), Madeline's friend. She mysteriously disappears, supposed to have been murdered by Madame Etoille, Dolores' former governess.

Lord Alverdale, Viva's husband. He asks Madeline to marry him, on the supposition that his wife is dead.

Mrs. Vanderlyn, a near neighbour of Lord Alverdale at Kingstairs. She wants him to marry her.

Eli Curzon, the private secretary of Mr. Durnford, Madeline's uncle.

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

The Shot in the Wood.

Meanwhile Madeline had opened and read Curzon's note with no suspicion that the elaborate triangle had been unfolded and folded again before it met her eyes. It did not need that knowledge to make her feeling one of panic when she read. For Merton Hall Road was the name of the street at Wimbledon where Viva was staying, and the wording of Curzon's demand that she should see him left her in little doubt of his knowledge.

It did not occur to her for a moment to ignore it. She was more eager to see the man who shared Viva's secret than he could possibly be to see her. She must discover how much he knew, and what use he intended to make of his knowledge. She must plead to him, bribe him, if it were possible to keep silence.

She turned with a white face to the footman in the hall.

"How long is it since this note was left?"

"Less than ten minutes, miss. The gentleman called just before Mrs. Vanderlyn."

Curzon must still be looking for her in the wood then, and she waited only until Mrs. Vanderlyn and Alverdale had had time to reach the bottom of the drive before going out to meet him.

Dolores had run upstairs expecting her to follow, and her impatient little voice sounded from above calling her as Madeline passed out, but she did not stop. Dolores would protest if she knew that she was going out without her, and she did not feel calm enough to reason with her.

Fear that the child might run after her made her hasten more than ever, and she turned up the path to the woods without a moment's suspicion that Alverdale and Mrs. Vanderlyn had passed along it only a few minutes in advance of her.

The discovery waited until she was turning the sharp bend in the path, and she drew back hastily before she had betrayed her presence even to the watchful eyes of the widow.

The two had been in the act of turning back from the locked gate, and Madeline turned also. If they saw her, how could she explain her presence there without adding to the suspicion with which she knew that she had already filled Alverdale's mind?

At all costs she must avoid them, and she had turned to run back by the way she had come when the sight of the long stretch of avenue stopped her.

Before she could get out of sight the two would have reached the corner and see her plainly, and, with a sudden decision, she plunged into the undergrowth at the side of the path to crouch there with a quickly-beating heart until they should have passed.

She could hear their voices now approaching, but could not distinguish a word. Had they seen her? she asked herself. If so, they would have wondered where she could have disappeared. Perhaps Alverdale would come in search of her. She believed that she caught the sound of her own name.

The suspense was intolerable, and, despite her fear of being seen, she cautiously moved the branch that prevented her watching the path. As she did so the fear of being seen was forgotten, swallowed up in a painful, incredulous surprise. For the two had stopped in the path straight before her, and Mrs. Vanderlyn's head was on Alverdale's shoulder, whilst her arms clung to his neck.

She could not see Alverdale's face, his back was towards her; but the widow's whole expression was full of a tremulous passion that showed in her quivering lips, in her dazzling eyes wet with tears.

There are some women—and Madeline was one of them—who cannot even imagine one of their sex offering her love unsought, and the sight dazed and bewildered her. What could it mean? Had the man who loved her accepted her refusal, then, definitely, and in pique offered his hand instantly to another, the woman who had showed him as clearly as a woman may that *she* would not refuse the gift?

Her whole heart rose in revolt against the idea of seeing him bestowing his love on another, and yet there was no relief, but only a new horror in the sudden realisation that it would be not only in her power, but her duty, to forbid it.

Her mind shrank before the new view of her responsibility which forced itself upon her. She had refused to marry Alverdale. If she had lost his love in doing it, she could never hide herself away from his sight. For the rest of her life she must watch him, forbidding his marriage to any other wife.

The thoughts coursed through her mind in an instant of time, and in the instant, indeed, in which Alverdale raised his hand to disengage himself from the unwelcome embrace.

Madeline was not to see the action. The next moment it seemed to her as though the whole earth had burst open, a deafening report sounded close beside her, dazing her with the suddenness of the shock.

She was aware that the two figures she had been watching had started apart, the woman with a red scar across her white cheek where a bullet had grazed the skin in passing. Then a sudden rush of intelligence made her turn to where, a few yards behind her further in the wood, a faint cloud of smoke hung about the branches.

Creeping low so that she could still be hidden from the path, she forced her way through to the spot to find—as something had told her already that she would find—Viva crouching among the bushes with a smoking revolver in her hand.

Her great, dark eyes were strangely dilated, her face white and rigid, like the face of a person in a trance. It showed no surprise, no change of emotion as Madeline sprang towards her and snatched the weapon from her hand.

It had seemed to her as though she was about to fire again, and she could think of nothing but that imminent danger until the revolver was in her grasp. Viva had relinquished it without a protest. She looked dazed and bewildered. But Madeline could not think of her now.

The sound of quick steps brushing aside the undergrowth warned her that she had only a moment in which to act if the secret which she had suffered so much already to preserve was to be kept still. Another moment and Alverdale would be face to face with the awful knowledge that must darken the whole of life for him.

With a quick, low warning to the dazed woman who crouched before her, and a gesture that spoke more plainly than the words, she turned quickly and stepped forward from the screen of branches that had hid them both, the revolver still in her hand.

She was not an instant too soon. Alverdale was hurrying forward in search of his unseen assailant, Mrs. Vanderlyn following close behind in dread of being left alone and unprotected. A few more steps and Viva would have been discovered. At the sight of Madeline, however, Alverdale stopped abruptly, his face that had been flushed with excitement turning deadly white.

"You!" he said between his drawn lips, and stood quite still. Mrs. Vanderlyn was crouching behind him.

"Take it away from her," she cried in real panic, "she will fire again."

Madeline handed him the revolver without speaking.

"Madeline, why don't you explain? This was an accident!" he cried appealingly.

Mrs. Vanderlyn, in whom panic had given place to violent indignation as soon as the weapon was safe in Alverdale's keeping, repeated the word derisively.

"An accident," she cried, wiping a tiny smear of blood from her cheek. "It would have been a very fortunate one for Miss Durnford if it had prevented me telling you what I know about her. But it is not necessary now. You see for yourself what she is—a woman who can lie in wait to shoot me. *That* is the woman that you love!"

Alverdale's white face flushed angrily. But his voice was very deliberate as he answered:

"Yes, Mrs. Vanderlyn; that is the woman I love."

A branch moved in the wood behind them, but only Madeline was conscious of it, and it quickened her impatience to get back to the path. As she moved forward Alverdale was at her side pushing aside the undergrowth that impeded her. His eager voice sank to a whisper as he bent his head close to hers.

"Madeline, have you nothing to say? You did not fire that shot purposely?"

Her eyes met his.

"No; I could not be so wicked."

"Thank God for that," he said deeply under his breath. "I knew that it was impossible. Tell me what happened."

"You must not ask me, please. I can tell you nothing."

Her voice was strangely calm, and he searched her set face curiously.

"You have had a shock," he said, trying hard to understand her. "Tell me, dear. You saw that woman throw her arms round my neck. You could not think that I wished or allowed it. Madeline, have you no faith in my love?" he urged as she remained silent, asking herself what it was that she had really thought, and the distress in his voice made her give her answer quickly unprepared.

"I know that you love me. I could not doubt it. But I had refused to marry you, and——"

His nervous laugh interrupted the stumbling words.

"And you thought I was solacing myself for your refusal already. How can you be so absurd?" Then his voice became suddenly serious again. "Madeline, you are straining your mind beyond its power of endurance. Why won't you let me bear some of the burden for you? Why won't you be my wife, and let us understand one another? I promised not to bother you, but you make it impossible for me to keep my promise.

"I cannot bear this want of understanding any more than you can. Don't you see that you are making life a hell for me? What is it that divides us? Is it a sentimental scruple? Let me take the responsibility of ignoring it. Is it some secret? Why not share it with me, and let me decide whether it has the right to keep us apart?

"I cannot go on like this. I have miscalculated my strength. If it was only myself—but to see you suffering, killing yourself with the effort to deny your love—I cannot stand it. I cannot be near you and be silent. And I cannot leave you, because I cannot trust you to be kind to yourself.

"You fired this revolver and did not know that you fired it. Don't you see that this is serious? What were you doing? Why were you in the wood? Why had you the revolver? Madeline, you were not thinking of taking your own life?"

He stopped suddenly and faced her, his eyes dark with the horror of a new suspicion.

Madeline shook her head quickly.

"No; you need never fear that. But you must not question me any more, please. I can tell you nothing."

"Then marry me without telling me anything, Madeline. For I cannot live without you."

Mrs. Vanderlyn came up at the words, her rage none the less because she had found her elaborate dress caught by a bramble, and had to disentangle herself while Alverdale gave all his attention to her supposed assailant.

"Has Miss Durnford any explanation to offer?" she asked furiously. Alverdale's voice sounded contrastingly calm.

"It was entirely an accident. Miss Durnford was examining the revolver, and it went off without her knowledge. The moral of which is that girls should not provide themselves with firearms, even in a lonely neighbourhood, until they understand their use."

Mrs. Vanderlyn's hysterically derisive laugh interrupted him.

"And so she has persuaded you that she did not deliberately attempt my life. But the magistrates at Marramgate will not be so credulous, and it is to them, not to you, that she will have to answer."

Alverdale's face darkened. If Mrs. Vanderlyn chose to carry out her threat, it did not seem possible that Madeline could make any defence which would be accepted in a court of law. He knew that he could not have accepted it himself for anybody but the woman he loved. And the punishment for attempted murder is a long term of imprisonment.

The danger, which had been present in his mind from the first moment when he recognised Madeline with the revolver in her hand, and had influenced every word he spoke to her, gave him a sense of physical weakness. But his voice showed nothing of his fear.

"I am sure that you will accept Miss Durnford's apology," he said persuasively, as to a child.

"Apology for trying to murder me!" She laughed hysterically again.

"I scarcely think that you would care to have *all* the facts of the affair made public, as they must be if any are," he said suggestively. But Mrs. Vanderlyn was in far too furious a mood to let any concern for her own position stand in the way of her revenge. Miss Durnford had tried to kill her. She would see that she was sent to prison.

Alverdale gave a quick glance at Madeline, demanding that she should not deny him.

"Very well, Mrs. Vanderlyn; but, if you prosecute, you will have to prosecute my wife. Miss Durnford will have become Lady Alverdale before your charge can be heard!"

For answer the widow burst into tears, all her sense of power taken away abruptly. For of what use would her charge be, if it did not prevent the marriage she dreaded. She was conscious only of a humiliating helplessness.

Madeline had not spoken a word, and her face looked pitiable enough had the widow been able to see it. But she was blinded with tears, and imagined it full of a mocking triumph. It was not to be borne, and, without answering a word, the widow tried to hurry away from them.

Alverdale hastened after her, but she turned from him in exasperation.

"Oh, leave me alone! Your infatuation maddens me."

He came back to Madeline, who had not moved.

"I dare not lose sight of her until I know what she is going to do. In this mood she seems capable of anything, and, if she laid a charge against you, the consequences might be serious. They would not believe that you fired the shot unconsciously. You would, perhaps, be sent to prison. But that shall not happen.

"At the worst I can take you abroad, and we can marry there. You had better go back to the house and pack all you need for a journey. But I trust it will not be necessary. I have little doubt that I shall be able to persuade Mrs. Vanderlyn to keep the affair secret. I will bring you word to the house when I have obtained her promise."

He spoke hurriedly, for Mrs. Vanderlyn was rapidly increasing her distance. Madeline said nothing to detain him. There was nothing to say that she had not told him already, and she dared not renew the discussion.

The immediate fear which was agitating him scarcely touched her. Her mind, tried to the utmost, mercifully refused to realise a new danger. How could she be sent to prison when she had done nothing? She was conscious of a vague wonder that he could talk of it so seriously.

She had forgotten, too, the man whom she had entered the wood to meet. She could think of nothing, remember nothing, except that Viva, in her most distracted and irresponsible mood, was hiding near them, probably watching every action, and ready to throw her last vestige of prudence to the winds and declare herself.

"Yes; go with her," she said impatiently, as he stood waiting apparently for her permission to leave her, and she breathed more freely when he had hurried on to overtake Mrs. Vanderlyn.

She followed slowly then, for Alverdale to see when he looked round—as she knew that he would—before leaving the wood, and it was not until some time had passed after their disappearance that she dared to retrace her steps and make her way to the spot where she had left Viva. Her heart beat painfully as she did so with a sense of personal fear, as well as anxiety, for her friend, and when she found the spot deserted her instinctive feeling was one of relief.

But it was only for a moment. Viva must have known that she would return here as soon as she found herself alone. Why had she not waited? Why was she avoiding her? Her sense of personal fear increased as she made her way among the thickly-planted trees seeking her. Her

"The Eyes of Britain's Coast." What are they? Get the November ROYAL and see.

voice trembled with a twofold timidity as she called her name softly.

There was no answer, and, though she wandered for a long while among the trees, venturing now and again to repeat her low call, she could find no trace of the woman she was seeking.

A sense of physical prostration, a dizzy faintness, which left her scarcely conscious of what she was doing, warned her at last that she had done and suffered all that mind and body were capable of, and she turned back to the house, only wondering whether she could reach her room before she fainted away.

The hall was empty as she passed through, and nobody met her on the stairs. She had been afraid that she would find Alverdale awaiting her with questions, and she gave a sigh of relief as she reached her pretty boudoir, and, locking the door behind her, sank into the nearest easy chair.

She had closed her eyes wearily when a slight sound from the doorway of her bedroom made her open them again to stare in sudden terror. For in the doorway stood Viva, her face scarcely recognisable in its terrible expression of hatred and contempt.

"And so you are the woman he loves," she said, and laughed. It was a laugh to freeze the blood.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

"Who is Hidden in that Room?"

THE calamity which Madeline had dreaded almost more than she had dreaded Alverdale learning of his wife's existence and her crime, had happened. But she felt strangely calm.

She wondered a little at her own quietude, and did not guess how much it was due to the mental exhaustion, which left her incapable of any emotion.

She wondered whether Viva meant to kill her, as she had killed Mme. Etoille, as she had tried to kill Mrs. Vanderlyn. But she watched her with curiosity rather than fear.

Death did not seem to matter greatly. If she could have felt any shame at the discovery of her secret, Viva's violence would have disarmed her own self-reproach.

It forced her to remember with what complete innocence she had acted, to what a great extent Viva herself was responsible for what had happened. But she did not attempt to defend herself. She knew that it would be useless.

Viva was pouring out her contempt in wild, hysterical words.

"And so this is why you were so anxious for me to go abroad? This is why you urged me not to come back and see my child? I understand it all now, vile snake in the grass. And you pretended to be my friend, to be doing it all for my good.

"How kind you were, how thoughtful for me, and all the while poisoning my husband's mind and heart against me, and cheating me of my child's love. And I believed you—poor, blind fool that I was. How I believed you! But I am not blind now. Out you go! Out, before I kill you!"

She was advancing upon her with fingers tautly outspread, as if to tear her to pieces, and Madeline shrank back instinctively. But the fear in the forefront of her mind was not for her own safety. Viva's voice had risen shrilly, ignoring all prudence.

"Hush, Viva!" she whispered. "They will hear you."

Lady Alverdale only raised her voice.

"Let them hear me. Let them take me away, but not till they know what you are, and how you have betrayed me, pretending to be my friend. You would like me to talk low and creep away while you stayed here to take my place. But I will not go till I have driven you out. You shall not stay here to glory in my unhappiness."

It was useless to appeal to her prudence, and Madeline rose from her chair.

"I will leave the Castle at once," she said, "and I shall never come back. Viva, you must believe me. You must know that it has been very hard for me to remain, and that I could not have done so, if it had not been that I hoped to help you. I suppose you will not take my help now. Even if you would, I do not think I could stay. I cannot bear it. I only want to go away. But what will you do? You cannot stay here. You must not be seen."

Viva laughed wildly.

"I shall stay here until you have gone. That is all I know or care. Why don't you go when I command you? This is my house. I am its mistress. Go."

"I am going," said Madeline, and looked around her helplessly. The thought that she was leaving the place for ever and must take all that she possessed with her flitted across her mind only to be dismissed. To pack, to summon the servants to carry down her boxes, to explain her departure were all alike impossible. But she would want money for her journey, and she went to the drawer where she kept it. There were only two sovereigns, which she had left herself after the provision she had made for Viva, and she put them in her pocket and turned again to the woman watching her.

"Viva, won't you come with me? I will see whether the way is clear, and we can go away together."

As she spoke the knob turned, and Alverdale's voice sounded outside.

"Madeline, unlock the door. I want to talk to you."

Madeline was scarcely conscious of any emotion. This, then, was the end of all her effort. Alverdale would learn the whole horrible truth bluntly and cruelly. He would meet his wife, not even repentant and appealing, but in a mad fury of resentment against him. The next moment would darken and embitter the whole of his life. But she could do nothing. The matter was not in her hands, but in those of a mad woman, utterly regardless of his peace of mind or her own interests.

What did this woman care so long as her jealous passion was satisfied by the sight of her husband's discomfiture? She glanced at her face, and all her hopeless lethargy vanished. For the glance showed her that Viva *did* care. Her expression had changed to one of abject terror. There was pitiful appeal, in place of anger, in the great dark eyes that met hers.

Madeline's heart beat rapidly. Instead of the dull calm of despair had come the tumult of responsibility, painful in its intensity.

Alverdale's voice sounded again impatiently.

"Madeline, are you there?"

She steadied her voice with an effort to answer him.

"I am very tired. I do not feel as though I could see anybody just now, if you don't mind."

"But you must!" The voice outside was anxiously imperative. "I shall not keep you a moment, but I must see you."

The summons was one not to be disregarded. Alverdale, indeed, felt ready to break down the door. He had been obliged to accompany Mrs. Vanderlyn to Salincourt, and to spend an intolerable half hour enduring her reproaches, her appeals, her accusations against the woman he loved, before he could feel that his own arguments had gained their point, and could come away quite certain that Madeline had escaped the danger of prosecution.

So long as it threatened her he could not allow a single doubt of her moral innocence to enter his mind. If the world was against her, he, at least, must be wholly her champion. But as soon as her safety from indictment and arrest was assured, when he had made Mrs. Vanderlyn see clearly that she had nothing to gain, and a good deal to lose, by making the affair public, he found himself, in spite of his will, reviewing the occurrence and Madeline's feeble explanation calmly and critically.

Given that she had fired the shot unconsciously, she had still to explain how she came to be hiding in the wood, why she had the revolver in her hand.

Mrs. Vanderlyn had insisted on giving him her explanation. "If she did not want to kill me, she was waiting to kill that man Curzon because he holds a secret of hers and is threatening to tell the police. If you don't believe it, ask her what she knows of Merton Hall Road, Wimbledon."

He would not listen, but the words remained in his mind. If she had not gone into the wood to meet Curzon, he could only think of her as having given way to an impulse of unworthy jealousy. He could only exonerate her from actual criminality by believing her the victim of some form of hysteria.

It was thus that he had so often struggled to exonerate his wife, and he had thought Madeline so free from all Viva's weaknesses. Were women in love all alike? he asked himself, and his whole faith in women was endangered.

And yet he was none the less certain of his love. If he allowed himself to admit that Madeline was keeping some serious secret from him, and determined to discover what it was, it was chiefly because the secret seemed to be destroying her happiness, and endangering her very reason.

He could no longer allow her, through any mistaken sense of chivalry, to bear it alone. He was full of concern for her, apprehensive of what she might have done or suffered during his absence on her behalf, and his uneasiness reached its highest point when he found the door of her room locked.

Her voice, when she answered tardily, did little to reassure him. It seemed to his sympathetic ear charged with suffering and fear. What was she doing that she could not even unlock the door? The fear which had entered his mind in the wood to account for the revolver haunted him still and made him insistent.

Inside the room the two women stared at one another with white faces. Viva appeared utterly unnerved and helpless. She could only fix her great dark eyes on Madeline's face appealingly, begging her mutely to save her from discovery.

Alverdale was repeating his demand. He was not to be denied, and Madeline made her decision quickly. She pointed to the door of the bedroom, and, in obedience to the silent command, Viva crossed stealthily to the inner room and closed the door noiselessly behind her.

Before Alverdale could repeat his summons again, Madeline was admitting him. She stood just within the doorway waiting to hear what he had to say, and she shivered with uneasiness when she saw on his face for the first time a look of less than perfect trust. His eyes travelled half-suspiciously round the room. His voice was sharp with over-tried anxiety.

"Why are you afraid of me, Madeline? Why do you treat me like an enemy when you know that I love you, and only want to help you and be kind to you? You are in trouble! Why do you lock yourself up alone to bear it? Am I not even to tell you what I have been doing for you? Don't you want to know what Mrs. Vanderlyn has decided?"

"I am very tired," she said, trying hard to speak quite naturally, "so tired that I scarcely seem to care. I locked the door for fear of Dolores disturbing me. But what have you to tell me? Mrs. Vanderlyn will keep the affair secret, I hope?"

"She has promised, but only after the most tremendous persuasion. I thought you would be glad to hear it, Madeline."

"Yes; I am glad," she said; but her white, set face expressed no relief, and Alverdale could not restrain himself.

"Madeline, you have some secret you are keeping from me, and I must know what it is. You think I am cruel, but it is a hundred times more cruel to stand by and see you agitating yourself like this without helping you. And how can I help you unless I know what your trouble is? You must tell me. Sit down. I am not going until I know what it is that you are allowing to torture you."

The resolution in his voice frightened her. What if his will should prove stronger than hers?

"Oh! please leave me," she said with trembling lips. "Don't you see that you are only torturing me more? If you stay here for ever I cannot tell you anything."

"You admit, then, that there is a secret," he persisted, steeling himself against the pathetic intreaty in her eyes. "I shall not go till you tell me what it is." And, closing the door, he strode across the room.

He had intended to seat himself doggedly and show that he meant what he said, but, as he was passing the closed door of the bedroom, something in Madeline's face made him look towards it, and he stopped abruptly. From the lock had come the unmistakable sound of a click. Somebody inside had turned the key. In a moment Alverdale had seized the knob, while Madeline's heart stopped beating. But the door was certainly locked, and he turned upon her with blazing eyes.

"And so that is why you were too tired to see me! That is why you locked the door! You have somebody hidden in there. Who is it? You shall tell me."

To Madeline had come a supreme calmness. Her eyes, that till now had struggled in vain to conceal their fear and uneasiness, met his boldly and unflinchingly.

"It is useless for you to ask me. I shall never tell you!"

"You will not tell me," he repeated, the deliberate calmness of his voice imitating that of hers. "But do you not see, Madeline, that your refusal must mean the ending of everything between us."

"Yes," she said, trying hard to keep her voice still from trembling.

"And you still refuse?"

"Yes."

All the intensity of purpose that had made his face eager faded from it at the word, leaving it blank and expressionless. He bent his head.

"So be it, then."

Then his voice broke suddenly.

"Madeline, must this really part us. Won't you let me know everything and decide?"

She shook her head, unable any longer to trust her voice. Her eyes were swimming with tears as she looked at him, trying to realise that it was for the last time.

The love and appeal that had shown themselves in his face died away again, and he walked slowly across the room. At the door he stopped.

"It could only be painful for us to meet again," he said, his voice coldly matter of fact. "I shall leave Kingstairs by the next train and remain away for a month, if that will give you sufficient time to make your arrangements? If not——"

Madeline interrupted him, her voice as controlled as his own.

"I beg that you will not go away on my account. I wish—indeed, it is necessary for me to leave here at once."

She wondered herself at the ease with which she was talking, at her calmness, when this was their final farewell.

It was not till he had gone, and the door had closed upon him, that the reaction came, and, as she turned towards the bedroom to tell Viva of his departure, she found the room swaying around her.

She caught at a chair to steady herself, but fell before she could reach it. It was thus, lying unconscious on the floor, that Viva saw—and left her, when she ventured to let herself out of the inner room.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE.

Madeline Scents a Plot.

IT was in a London hotel—the hotel where she had taken up her quarters on reaching England, and where she had first met Eli Curzon—that Madeline awoke from a tumult of emotions and anxieties to the prosaic fact that she had her living to earn.

Of the couple of pounds which she had left herself after making provision for Viva she would have only a few shillings remaining when she had paid for her bed and breakfast at the hotel. By the end of the day she would be actually destitute, unless in the meanwhile she found some means of obtaining money.

The urgent material need of action not directly connected with the tragedy in which she was playing a part was, no doubt, good for her. It roused her from the stupor of helpless despondency with which she had left Kingstairs.

So far as Alverdale and Viva were concerned, she had tried to stifle thought, since she could not think of them with any emotion that was not too painful to be endured, or plan any way of helping either. Her dream of acting as a human Providence was utterly dispelled.

Instead of ministering to Alverdale's happiness or Viva's welfare, she had broken the man's heart and destroyed his faith in women, she had given his wife a stronger reason to haunt Kingstairs and keep watch upon him. She had done more than anybody else to excite that spirit of reckless jealousy in her to which her greatest danger of discovery was due.

It was this fact that completed her impotence. She was as concerned as ever for Viva's welfare, but she could no longer meet or communicate with her without rousing the mad passions that rendered her indifferent to every caution.

She saw that, for good or evil, the fugitive must be left to the control of her own destiny. On this account she had felt nothing but relief when she awoke to fresh consciousness in her room at the Castle to find that Viva was gone.

She made no effort to seek her. To get away from the house herself was almost more, indeed, than her prostrate mind and body were capable of. She had left without trusting herself to see Dolores, and without wishing even Mrs. Debenham "good-bye."

(Continued on page 203.)

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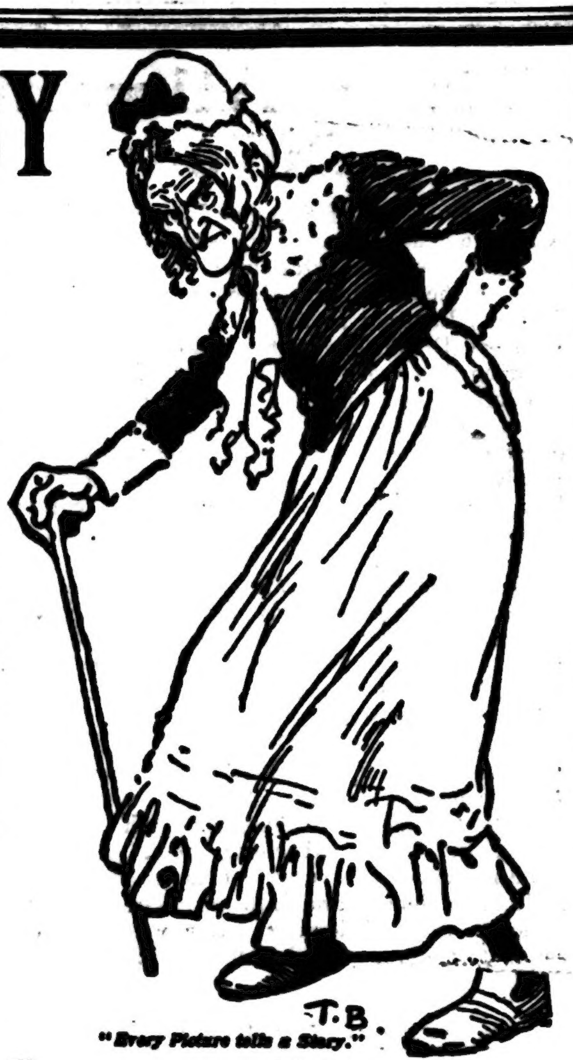

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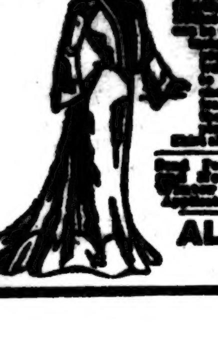

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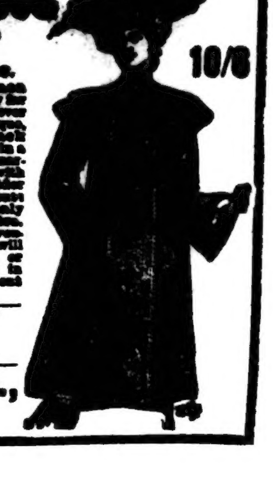

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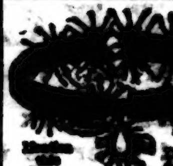

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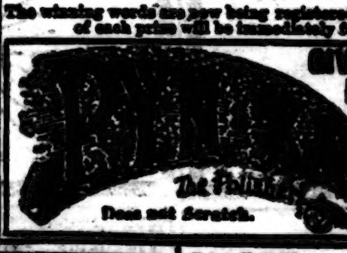

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THE COST OF ANOTHER'S CRIME *(continued from page 200).*

There was one person at Kingstairs whom she had felt that she ought to see, but even from that ordeal she shrank, feeling herself unequal to the show of diplomacy that an interview with Eli Curzon would entail. She contented herself with scribbling off a note to be taken to him at the inn.

She was compelled to leave Kingstairs at once, she wrote. She was very anxious to discuss the matter mentioned in his note, and trusted that he would postpone any action in the matter until she could do so. She would write to him again when she had a settled address.

To secure his silence was the only service she could do for Lady Alverdale now, and she was sitting down at the hotel to write to him when the fact of her pennilessness came home to her for the first time. She had thought of asking him to write to her here, when she remembered that she could not remain at the hotel even until his letter arrived. The seriousness of her position stared her suddenly in the face. Without so much as the breathing space of a day she must decide how she was to live.

After turning over all sorts of possibilities in her mind, she resolved to appeal to her uncle.

With her resolve taken, she was impatient to carry it into execution, and she looked up the trains to Wendlesham.

When she had made her preparations for the journey she was still considering what she should write to Curzon. It came to her as a new thought that it would be better not to write at all.

Even if he had discovered the whole secret, he could have no personal object in publishing his knowledge. His threat to divulge it had only been intended to frighten her into meeting him, and he was not likely to relinquish that power.

She saw his motives with a sudden clearness, which left her mind comparatively at rest, and she tore up the letter she had begun. The longer she could delay the talk Curzon wanted with her about Viva the better.

She reached the pretty little Suffolk village shortly after noon, and, following the directions given to her at the station, found her way to "Inglenook."

Her ring was answered by a neat maid whose rosy, round face showed her surprise plainly at the visitor's request to see Mr. Durnford.

"Mr. Durnford is a great invalid, ma'am," she said. "He never sees anybody."

"I know," said Madeline, "but I think he will see me for a few minutes, if you tell him my name—Miss Veryan."

The girl repeated the name curiously.

"Perhaps you had better say 'Miss Madeline Veryan,'" the owner of the name added, and wondered why the maid should continue to stare at her with astonishment.

"Will you kindly tell Mr. Durnford," she said; and the maid appeared to remember herself suddenly.

"Yes, miss. Will you come in?"

She was ushered into a well-furnished, but neglected-looking drawing-room. Her limbs were trembling, but she was too restless to sit down. The maid had left the door open behind her, and she was already straining her ears for the sound of her returning steps.

What answer would she bring? The suspense was intolerable, and she tried to fix her attention on the objects in the room. On a side table near her were some books, and she took them up one by one to examine their titles without the impression of a single one carrying itself to her brain.

Outside on the gravel drive she could hear the sound of wheels, and she wandered to the window and looked out. A smart dogcart was being driven up to the house by a young lady, who carried no groom with her.

As it passed the window, Madeline noticed without interest that the driver was dressed extravagantly, but without taste. Her face was of a bold, handsome type, but its expression was marred by hard eyes of a cold, unsympathetic, slaty blue, which vaguely recalled Eli Curzon's.

The dogcart did not stop at the front entrance, but, passing it, turned out of sight round the curve that led, no doubt, to the stables, and Madeline felt her first touch of real interest in the stranger. This must be the relative of Mr. Durnford whom he had adopted in her place.

The maid had not come back yet, and she turned again to the pile of books. She was turning over the pages mechanically when the girl returned with her answer.

"Mr. Durnford was not well enough to see her. Anything she might wish to say to him must be said by letter."

The formal message left her mind numb. She stared for a moment at the girl blankly, trying to think of some appeal against the decision. From the book she had been turning over when the maid entered an old envelope, inserted to mark a place, had fallen on the floor, and she stooped mechanically to pick it up.

"What I wished to say to Mr. Durnford is very urgent," she said at last, trying to keep her lips from quivering. "If I write it now, perhaps he can give me an answer at once."

"I will ask Mr. Curzon, miss," said the girl, and Madeline started.

"Mr. Curzon is back, then?"

"Yes, miss; he came home late last night."

"Then will you tell him, please, that I should like to see him," said Madeline quickly, feeling glad in her extremity of any mediator who could see Mr. Durnford for her and explain her position. For the moment she had forgotten that to meet him would be to precipitate that discussion about Viva which she was still anxious to postpone.

She was still holding in her hand the old envelope which she had mechanically picked up from the floor, and she was turning to replace it in the book from which it had fallen when something familiar in the address attracted her eye and made her examine it. *The envelope was addressed to herself:*

"MISS MADELINE VERYAN,
'Inglenook,' Wendlesham."

Who could have sent a letter to her here, when she had never resided in the house or even visited it before? And who had opened it? Where was the letter that the envelope had contained? She examined the latter curiously. Some printing on the flap showed that it had been sent by an Ipswich tradesman, and the postmark told her that it had been delivered *a month before she reached England.*

(Another instalment next week.)

Home Notes Page

ISOBEL will be glad to answer questions of general interest upon household matters so far as space permits. A pretty pencil-case will be given to each reader whose inquiry is dealt with on this page. Envelopes should be marked HOME NOTES PAGE.

Bedroom Windows should never be entirely closed, if the owner is strong, and even in winter should be left open at least two inches at the top.

When Frying Spanish Onions put a plate over the top of the pan to keep in the steam. This makes the onions cook quickly and keeps all the flavour in. (*Thanks to* CLARK.)

An Excellent Plain Pudding is made by mixing four ounces of suet with six ounces of self-raising flour, add a pinch of salt and two beaten eggs. Work these together thoroughly and add one pint of milk. Bake for one hour and a quarter.

Respecting Parrots and Cockatoos, a correspondent says that she has always found in many years' experience that the cause of their eating feathers is the want of sand and grit of a suitable coarseness for the birds; grit is quite as necessary for the health of birds as their food. (*Thanks to* VINCENT.) (*Reply to* NORMAN.)

Elderberry Wine. Pick the berries when quite ripe and dry. Press out the juice from the berries in a proper press for the purpose. Then put the mashed berries into an open jar with juice enough to cover them. Let all stand for a week to infuse. Then strain the juice into a cask and to every ten gallons of juice add one gallon of malted spirit. A little sugar and some cloves should be added to the brandy. (*Reply to* CAMBUSLAING.)

For Lemon Sponge. Whisk the whites of five or six eggs until stiff; soak one ounce of gelatine in a teacupful of cold water for an hour, then dissolve it in half a pint of boiling water. Set it to cool; when nearly cold add the whites of egg to it, also the juice of two lemons and the grated rind of one, and half a pound of caster sugar. Beat all until it is as firm as a sponge and place in a mould. (*Reply to* ERNEST.)

To Cleanse Feathers for a Pillow. First place the feathers in a bag of newspaper, not too tightly packed, and bake in a cool oven for several nights. Then pick over the feathers, cutting off any sharp ends, and tearing off the down from the larger feathers. Reject any feather that is stained, put into clean paper bags and bake again till thoroughly dry before putting into waxed ticking for pillows. I always had the feathers saved from my poultry when I lived in the country, and made many good pillows in this way. (*Reply to* ALICE.)

To Make Yeast. Boil one ounce of hops in half a gallon of water; strain through a cloth, and when nearly cold, add four ounces of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of salt. Let it stand for twenty-four hours, then add one pound and a half of potatoes, boiled and mashed. Stand for another twenty-four hours, strain it again, and put into bottles. Whilst making stir constantly and keep it near the fire. Always shake well before using. This will keep good for several weeks if stood in a cool place. The yeast should be allowed to ferment well in making and then be tightly corked. (*Reply to* MARGHERY, AUSTRALIA.)

A Novel Form of Poker Work. All kinds of delightful articles can be made in poker work, such as boxes, letter-racks, match-holders, blotters and paper-baskets, etc. In that charming little paper, HOME NOTES, dated September 24th, 1903, are directions, with illustrations, for doing the latest kind of poker work, a device which ingeniously enables the artist to produce, by the simplest means, work having all the appearance of relief wood-work with the expenditure of about half the amount of time and labour involved in the production of the genuine article. Eight handsome prizes of Gramophones are offered for the best specimens sent in. For all particulars you must refer to the competition column at the end of the paper. Price 1d.

To Destroy Wood Worms in furniture, apply paraffin freely to the surface and let it soak in. Into the larger holes drop a little paraffin. Regular cleanings with paraffin will keep the pest from increasing, and a good polish can be obtained by constant rubbing. (*Reply to* FOSTER.)

A Good Black Dye may be made as follows: To five pints of water add half a pound of bruised gall, a quarter of a pound of green vitriol, and one pound of logwood. If you prefer to buy the dye ready mixed, you will find one of the many varieties now sold excellent. (*Reply to* RICH.)

To Clean Green Linen Blinds. Lay your blinds on a board and scrub gently with a brush, using cold rain water and soap—carpet soap if possible. Lay flat in a tub of cold water to rinse, take the blind by the top end in both hands, draw it out of the water and suspend from a clothes line in a sheltered place, where it will dry and not be blown out of shape. (*Reply to* TWIST LANE.)

Almond Nougat may be made as follows: Blanch one pound of almonds and cut them into small pieces. Put four ounces of honey into a tin cup and set in a sauce-pan of hot water; boil until you can roll the honey in a ball. Add to the honey one ounce of confectioners' sugar and the well-beaten white of one egg; then stir this and the almonds well together. Cut into flat squares and dash confectioners' sugar lightly on the top. (*Thanks to* CHARIOT ST.)

Maids of Honour, made as follows, will, I feel sure, prove equal to those you remember: Boil gently for a quarter of an hour half a pint of milk with two tablespoonfuls of fine breadcrumbs, two ounces of butter, and a little lemon peel and loaf sugar; then add three eggs well beaten and stir until the mixture becomes quite thick. Strain through a sieve. Line a dish, or several patty pans, with puff paste; fill it half full of the mixture and bake. (*Reply to* READER.)

When Cleaning Very Tarnished Silver first wash it in hot soapy water in which some ammonia is dissolved. Then rinse thoroughly and dry. Take some good plate powder and moisten it with methylated spirit, rub this all over the plate and let it dry in thoroughly. Polish in the usual way, and if spots remain use a little ammonia mixed with plate powder. It often takes three or four cleanings to get a good polish on neglected silver. Rub on the plate powder with a piece of chamois leather, using plenty of elbow grease. (*Reply to* SELKER.)

Mushroom Ketchup. For this it is important to gather the mushrooms early in the morning before the sun is on them. Break the mushrooms into large pieces, place in a large pan, and add a quarter of a pound of salt to every three and a half pounds of mushrooms. Let it stand for three days, then drain off all the juice that you can obtain by pressure. Boil the liquor slowly for an hour, with two ounces of salt, a few cloves, long pepper, and a quarter of an ounce of peppercorns. This quantity should be allowed to every quart of liquid. Then strain, and when cold, bottle, adding a few drops of brandy. Use new corks and seal carefully. (*Reply to* DILL HALL.)

Clean Your Copper Thus: Get half a pound of potash and put it into a vessel, then pour one quart of boiling water over it. This done, allow it to soak for half an hour. Then get a good hard scrubbing brush and dip into the potash; rub well round the sides of the boiler, let it soak a few minutes, then scrub again. Be most careful not to dip the fingers in the chemical, because it may burn them. After the boiler is thoroughly scrubbed with potash, rinse with plenty of warm water. If this process does not take off every sign of the dirt, scour with coal ash moistened with paraffin, and afterwards rinse in hot water. (*Reply to* TONYPANDY.)

Rhubarb Jam will be very useful this year for cooking as fruit is so scarce and dear. This is an excellent jam if made in early autumn. Try it for rolly-poly and you will be delighted. Take seven pounds of rhubarb, weighed after it is peeled, and cut into one-inch pieces. Put the rhubarb into the preserving pan over the fire till the juice flows, add seven pounds of good cane sugar, the juice and finely-chopped yellow rinds of two lemons, two ounces of bitter almonds (blanched and bruised). Let all boil till the jam is of good thickness and of a rich colour, probably for about three quarters of an hour, remove the scum as it rises. Warm the jelly jars before putting the hot jam into them; leave till next day in a warm dry room, cover the top of each jar with tissue paper, dipped in whisky or brandy, and tie over with parchment paper.

Isobel

HOLIDAYS FOR 1903.		1903. JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	OCTOBER.	NOVEMBER.	DECEMBER.
Good Friday	April 10.	S 5 12 19 26	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 6 13 20 27
Easter Monday	April 13.	M 6 13 20 27	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 5 12 19 26	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 7 14 21 28
Whitsun Monday	June 1.	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29
Bank Holiday	August 3.	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 5 12 19 26	W 2 9 16 23 30	W 7 14 21 28	W 4 11 18 25	W 2 9 16 23 30
Christmas Day	December 25.	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	T 3 10 17 24	T 1 8 15 22 29	T 5 12 19 26	T 3 10 17 24 31
Boxing Day	December 26.	F 3 10 17 24 31	F 7 14 21 28	F 4 11 18 25	F 2 9 16 23 30	F 6 13 20 27	F 4 11 18 25
		S 4 11 18 25	S 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 3 10 17 24 31	S 7 14 21 28	S 5 12 19 26

WRITERS RIGHTED.

A penknife will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

I HAVE been inundated with letters from young bachelors who are very anxious that I should put them into communication with some of the fair applicants for Mr. P. Doubleyou's hand and heart. I regret, however, that this is impossible, and I have therefore been obliged to refuse one and all.

P. F. writes: "At different times I have rendered to ladies the service of opening the railway carriage door for them. They thanked me at the time, but, on other occasions when we meet, they take no notice of me. Ought I to raise my hat, and so draw attention to myself?"——Certainly not. You have done nothing to justify the ladies acknowledging you when you meet. Their thanks at the time you rendered the service, and the privilege of having assisted them, should be sufficient.

J. N. W. tells me of a practical joke which was played in a principal Birmingham street. A number of young fellows stuck in the centre of the pavement a penny stamp, and then stood in a doorway to watch the result. Several people noticed it lying there, and made a dash to pick it up; but naturally this was impossible. Then, of course, the young men laughed loudly at each attempt, and several people got quite cross. Finally, one elderly gentleman, who tried to pick it up and failed, quite lost his temper, and, placing his foot on the King's portrait, rubbed it backwards and forwards until there was no more penny stamp left.

A PENKNIFE will be given to each of the twenty-five readers who first point out the word in this issue which contains the greatest number of alphabetically consecutive letters. For example: the word "deft," which has d, e, f, in their proper order. The page and line on which the word appears must be given. All attempts, which must be written on the backs of postcards only, should be sent to the ALPHABET EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta-street, London, W.C., so as to arrive not later than by first post on Wednesday, September 23rd.

"WHY do Scotsmen and Irishmen make better linguists than Englishmen?" asks DUNDEE. "The former, particularly, easily master German, with its guttural pronunciation, but it is very rarely that an Englishman has the same success with that tongue."——The reason why the Scotsman so easily masters German pronunciation is that the two accents are very much alike in production. It is also a fact that a Highlander visiting many parts of Germany could both understand and be understood, simply because many of the Gaelic words are almost identical with those of some German dialects. Irishmen, of course, are generally good linguists by nature, just as they are good orators and actors. The faculty for picking up a foreign tongue, like that for music, has a good deal to do with the sense of sound, and some nations are better than others in this respect.

"I HAVE an idea for a poster which I am sure would be a splendid advertisement for certain trade articles," writes Q. O. "Now, I am not an artist, so cannot draw the picture. What would you advise me to do? If I take the scheme to some advertisers, what is to prevent their declining the idea, but benefiting by it afterwards. Again, if I take it to a professional artist, will he not expect a very large proportion of the sum I receive for the idea?"——If your idea is a strikingly good one, Q. O., I do not think you need fear those advertisers. If they see their way to adopting it, they would pay you at the market rate for ideas. If you should decide to have the picture drawn, then your best course would be to commission an artist to draw it for you, and pay him a stated rate for it, which would give you all rights to the picture, should it be reproduced. If you asked an artist to draw it for you, on the undertaking that you should pay him only in the event of acceptance, naturally he would expect a share in the profits, to compensate himself for his risk.

I HAVE received a letter from Mr. W. R. E. Coles, Clerk to The Worshipful Company of Plumbers, in which he tells me something about plumbing which I did not know before. It appears that the Company, some years ago, organised a scheme of technical instruction by which plumbers could be trained. At present a system of classes and examinations in plumbers' work is established in most of the important towns. When a plumber is efficient he receives a certificate and a registration ticket, and upwards of 12,000 have already received these. Every reader of *P.W.* who is a householder knows the difficulty in getting plumbing work done properly. The best thing, therefore, to do, seems to be to employ registered plumbers. The way in which you find out is simply to ask the plumber for his ticket. Master plumbers show the letters "R.P." (Registered Plumber) with their names, over their shops. There is no question that a vast amount of preventable disease, such as typhoid and diphtheria, may be traced to the bungling work of an unqualified plumber.

MR. P. DOUBLEYOU'S BALLOON TRIP.

MR. P. DOUBLEYOU is getting quite to like the idea of going up in a balloon, and is not the least bit nervous. This may be accounted for by the fact that he will be under the care of the Rev. J. M. Bacon, whose vast experience as an aeronaut reduces any risk to a minimum. I must ask readers to fully understand that this trip is not merely made as an idle experience, but with a view to testing the value of balloons as a method of conveying dispatches during war time. Mr. Bacon will repeat his previous experiments in this direction, and will take with him Mr. P. Doubleyou. As perhaps you have already read in your daily papers, on the occasion of Mr. Bacon's last ascent he took with him a dummy figure of a French general, which he dropped attached to a parachute from the balloon. This operation will be repeated on the occasion of Mr. P. Doubleyou's ascent. On the dummy figure will be found an envelope addressed to Mr. P. Doubleyou; the person who gets this should take it to the spot where the balloon has descended and hand it over to that gentleman. The reward will be a letter entitling the holder to £10. The exact place from which the ascent will be made, and other minor details, it is impossible to fix so far in advance, but I hope to give them next week. As, however, this does not give much time to those who wish to make preparations, the information will be given at the earliest possible moment in the DAILY EXPRESS at the foot of the first column on the second page.

"WHAT am I to do with a young man who incessantly smiles at me?" asks IDA. "I do not know him, but meet him very often while out shopping, and sometimes in cars or trains. He fixes me with an inane grin, and, try as I may, I can do nothing to stop it."——Most annoying, IDA. Really, I think the best way to cure him is to get an introduction to him at once. When you are on social terms, and speak to each other, the young man will see that he is making an idiot of himself to be always grinning at you. Besides, you could tell him of it, which would be even more deadly for him. One other remedy—and it is one which has often been adopted with success, would be for you to return his smiles with interest. When he smiles at you, smile back, but in a weird, ghostly, uncanny way, which will wither him up with fright. There is nothing more deadly than a well-placed smile. I have known one young man, gifted with a grin, clear a whole railway carriage, by fixing it on each passenger in turn until they have had to take flight. The young man, having cleared the carriage, has then placed his feet on the cushions and gone to sleep. However, I do not encourage this sort of thing, excepting in your case, when it is for defensive purposes.

"WHY do so many brilliant men at colleges and universities (wranglers and prize-men) generally achieve so little success after leaving?" inquires A. M.——Because there is very little real connection between what is learnt in books and what is learnt in real life. The man who has the greatest head for book-learning is not necessarily able to put his knowledge into practice. Generally he is the least able to do so. A wrangler or prize-man may, of course, be a mental prodigy, but the kind of man who passes examinations rarely passes anything else. The atmosphere of a university may be ever so dignified, but it is narrow. The prevailing idea is that there isn't any other world outside, or, if there is, one that doesn't matter. So the man who reaches the top of the tree at the 'Varsity generally is disillusioned when he "comes down." He finds that there is another world, and a very difficult one to conquer, and that, while he has been basking in learning from books, others have been learning from experience. The two kinds of knowledge do not usually harmonise, so our wrangler or prize-man friend finds that he must either forget what he has learnt at college and start learning again, or drop out altogether. He generally does the latter.

THE close of the FRESH AIR FUND season will soon be here, so I would impress upon those who have not already sent their contributions that they should do so without further delay.

COLONIALS are again distinguishing themselves by their generosity in helping to brighten the lives of the little children in the big towns of the Motherland, and I have to acknowledge with many thanks the receipt of £5 from the members of the New Zealand Fire Brigades. This sum, together with the sum of £12 2s. 6d. sent previously, gives the names to "New Zealand Fire Brigades Day," which took place on September 8th. Another special day was "Beryl Day," on September 9th.

Amount previously acknowledged, £2,405 10s. 4½d.

R. and H. W., 4s. 6d.; A Well Wisher, 3s.; A. E. Bells, 1s.; Interested, 2s.; N. H., 1s. 6d.; L. and W. H., 9d.; A. F. Bowring, 2s.; T. Yule, 3s.; A. (Llandudno), 5s.; Fernhill, 5s.; J. H. Griffin, 5s.; L. R., 1s. 6d.; L. F., 3s.; Masters Leslie and Noel Greenaway, 1s. 6d.; May H. Hamilton, 3s.; H. G. W., 1s. 6d.; F. M. Edwards, 6s. 9d.; Two Strays, 1s. 6d.; An Old Maid, 6d.; J. Stewart, 2s.; Major Maurice Daly, £1; H. Thompson, 2s. 3d.; Currie's Orient, 1s. 6d.; E. F., 1s. 6d.; P. Holder, 1s. 6d.; C. Patterson, 5s. 3d.; Anon., 4s. 6d.; the Misses Roberts, 5s.; Fanny, David, and Eric, 3s.; J. M. B., 1s. 6d.; M. Taylor, 2s.; W. [illegible], 2s. 6d.; Two Macs, A. and H., 2s.; R. N. McAndrew, £10; [illegible] Bigby, 2s. 6d.; Saturday Elms, 1s.; E. Appleby, 2s. 6d.; Mrs Friend, 1s.; "Off to My Holidays," 9d.; W. J. W. and B. H., 1s. 6d.; A Schoolboy, 6d.; W. H. P., 12s. 6d.; Mabel and Cecil, 5s.; the Misses Leslie-Smith, 2s.; A. Hodes, 6d.; Baby, 2s.; H. P., 1s.; Five of Us, 2s. 9d.; F. Currie, 6s.; A Rise in Pay, 2s.; Anon., 6d.; F. Curtis, 2s. 6d.; A. R. S., 2s.; J. McG., 2s. 6d.; F. B., 3s.; Walter, 6d.; Folkestone, 2s. 6d.; A. H., 5s. 6d.; A. B., 1s.; Anon., 4s. 6d.; J. A. Russell, 10s.; N. and F. Fraser, 2s. 6d.; G. Windram, £1 10s.; L. B., 5s.; H. C. Turner, 2s. 6d.; Nora Simms, £1 1s.; Anon., 3s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Vida Hammersley, 6s.; Elsie, 1s.; Anon., 2d.; Caligro, 2s. 6d.; T. Crossley, 9d.; E. T. D., 5s.; H. J. O., 4s. 6d.; P. Edmenson, 2s. 6d.; H. Trill, 3s.; E. W., 5s.; E. B. B., £1 17s. 6d.; E. A. B., 2s. 6d.; T. H. Field, £1; A. B., 9d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Kodak, 9d.; Margaret, Olive and Nancy Dunn, 2s. 3d.; B., 5s.; Lancastrian, 7s.; Earlswood, 3s.; G. Evans, 1s. 6d.; J. W. Nevill, 5s.; Alex, 2s.; St. Mildred's, Preston, 2s. 6d.; M. Stapley, 1s. 6d.; B. Beresford, 2s. 3d.; Mother's Baby, 2s.; C. H. O.'s, 2s. 6d.; Best of Friends, 1s. 6d.; L. H., "Casual," 1s.; Consecutive Competition, 5s. 7d.; B. Hopkins, 1s.; Miss Sterling, 2s. 6d.; P. H. Edgar, 1s.; W. Bailey, 9d.; E. T. B., 9d.; T. Lockwood, 9d.; T. J. G., 9d.; "Luny," 1s. 6d.; H. S. Laverty, 2s. 6d.; M. Turner, 2s. 6d.; B. Smith, 1s.; F. Pike, 9d.; R. Langmaid, 9d.; Bertha Cook, 9d.; W. H. P., 9d.; R. M. M., 9d.; Anon., 1s.; Four Red Seals from Greenland, 3s.; Jack Evan, 9d.; Anon., £1; H. J. U., 1s. 6d.; A. W., 2s.; J. Richardson, 2s.; N. M. Hardy, 1s. 6d.; Dukeries (Brighouse), 10s. 6d.; Messrs. Coatman and Kennedy, 3s.; Jack Moore, 1s. 6d.; H. T. Pearce, £1 2s. 6d.; A Public Library Staff, 3s.; Anon., 3s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; H. Brooke, 3s.; F. B., 5s.; Nellie Day, 2s.; Seabreeze, 10s.; C. Plant, 5s.; Shrimp, 2s. 6d.; Babs, 6s. 1d.; Entomology, 1s.; Careless, 2s.; Mrs. S. Black, 1s. 6d.; Star of Hanover, 1s. 6d.; Billy W., 10s.

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